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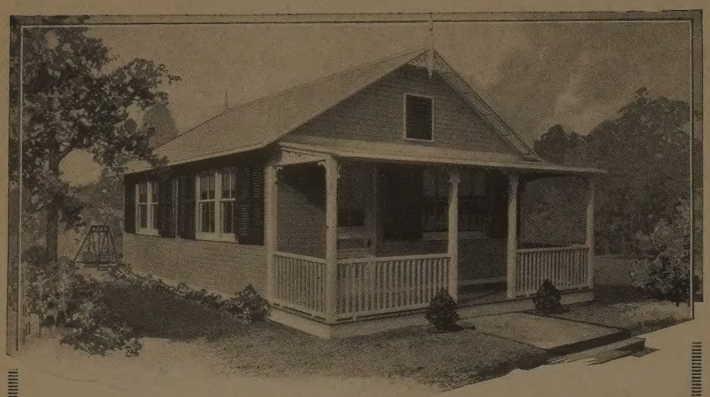

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A Few Unusual Things In This Number

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"LE BOHÊME"—*another story of an artist's model*

"THE FAREWELLS OF SEVEN WOMEN"—*their letters*

"THE STALKER"—*a vital story on a vital subject*

"NEAPOLITAN NIGHTS"—*the sparkling night romance of Naples*

MAY, 1915 **25 CENTS**

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CONTENTS: MAY, 1915

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

		PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Three of Isadora Duncan's Art Dancers.		
TITLE PAGE: De Wolf Hopper in "The Yeomen of the Guard"		227
REVIVALS AND NEW PLAYS SEEN AT THE THEATRES: "The Bubble," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "The Revolt" "A Celebrated Case," "Taking Chances," "The Natural Law," "Trilby," "The Victim."		228
A REAL ALICE—IN WONDERLAND—Illustrated	*A. P.*	231
A FAMOUS BROADWAY PRÈMIERE OF FORTY YEARS AGO—Illustrated	*Montrose J. Moses*	232
SCENE IN "A CELEBRATED CASE"—Full-page Plate		233
VICISSITUDES OF A PLAYWRIGHT—Illustrated	*Lynde Denig*	235
THE HIGH COST OF STAGE BEAUTY—Illustrated	*Judson B. Stuart*	238
NEW YORK'S LITTLEST THEATRE—Illustrated	*Marie McNally*	240
EMMA TRENTINI—Full-page Plate		241
SVENGALI'S IMPERSONATOR TALKS OF "TRILBY'S" FIRST NIGHT—Illustrated	*M. Morgan*	242
SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN "TRILBY"—Full-page Plate		243
BIG FORTUNES MADE FROM NICKELS AND DIMES IN FILMLAND—Illustrated	*Robert Grau*	244
MARGARET ANGLIN—Full-page Plate		247
NEW SCENIC ART OF THE THEATRE—Illustrated	*R. Gotthold*	248
THE MISSES MARY AND FLORENCE NASH AT HOME—Full-page Plate		249
BEHIND THE SCENES WITH MRS. GRANVILLE BARKER—Illustrated	*Ada Patterson*	251
ELSIE JANIS—Full-page Plate		254
THE ORIGINAL TOY THEATRE—Illustrated	*Virginia Church*	255
PLAYS THAT AROUSED THE WAR SPIRIT IN EUROPE—Illustrated	*Harry J. Greenwall*	257
MY FIRST LINES—Illustrated		258
THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS—Illustrated	*M. M.*	259
TO ABOLISH CUT RATE THEATRE TICKETS		260
FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS—Illustrated		267

THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Genevieve Hamper as Juliet

The colored portraits that appear on the covers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Five years ago R. B. Mantell saw on the stage of a theatre in Detroit a beautiful girl, who had been taken on as an extra during the company's stay in that city, and he immediately engaged her. "That Little Girl from Michigan," they of the company called her, because she was so young, not yet twenty. Her début in a "real part" was made at the Lyric Theatre, in Chicago, in November, 1910, as Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice." Since that time she has played fifteen of Shakespeare's heroines in support of Mr. Mantell. On January 16, 1912, a little more than a year after she joined Mr. Mantell's company, the star married her.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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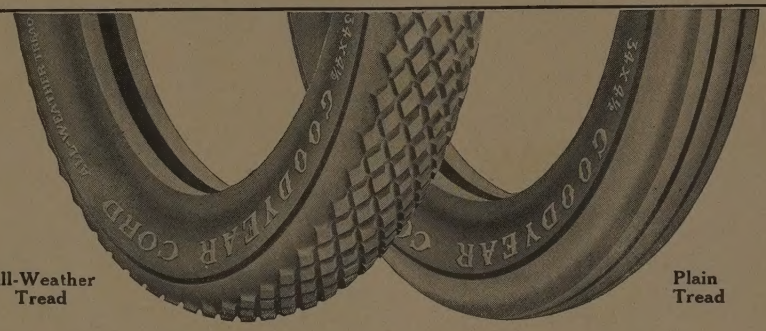

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXI. MAY, 1915 NO. 171

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White

DE WOLF HOPPER AS JACK POINT IN "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD" AT THE 48TH STREET THEATRE

Revivals and New Plays Seen at the Theatres

Photos White Louis Mann and Mathilda Cottrelly

(Upper picture) Louis Mann, Laura Walker and Mathilda Cottrelly

SCENES IN EDWARD LOCKE'S COMEDY, "THE BUBBLE" AT THE BOOTH

BOOTH. "THE BUBBLE." Comedy in three acts by Edward Locke. Produced on April 5th with the following cast:

Gustave Muller, Louis Mann; Emilia Muller, Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly; Rose Muller, Laura Walker; Richard Graham, Harrison Ford; Joseph Mahlen, Henry Mortimer.

A retail delicatessen shopkeeper, with alternate moments of choleric irascibility and fatuous graciousness, aided by a devoted house-wife, amasses a fortune of $25,000. Lured by the glib speciousness of an unprincipled promoter he invests it in a fake mining scheme. The stock jumps, and the middle-aged German, with a remarkable accent, thinks he's a millionaire, and prepares to branch out. From evident ruin he is saved by a sharp-witted financial reporter, who wishes to marry Gustave Muller's daughter. Previously he had been frowned upon by Muller. But gratitude for his monetary salvation induces Muller to consent to the union. Altogether it is very elementary comedy drama which Edward Locke has written under the title of "The Bubble" and in which Louis Mann is appearing at the Booth Theatre.

As a delineator of character, in which the fractured English language plays a prominent part, Mr. Mann has long been recognized as a mirthful, consistent and artistic performer. His creations are always carefully composed and wrought out with an infinite regard for effective detail. These virtuous attributes are very potent in his present realization of Muller. But while Muller is a fellow of excellent humor there is altogether too much of him in "The Bubble" for true effectiveness. What follows after an hour's exhibition of his mental and physical vagaries makes for monotony. It is an excellent foil to his excitable make-up which Mathilde Cottrelly provides as his easy-going, resourceful and affectionate wife. Her's is a fine art which manifests itself in the sincere humanity of the characterization. Laura Walker is quite equal to the rôle of the daughter, and Harrison Ford makes a youthful reporter. Very débonnair is Henry Mortimer as the insinuating promotor.

The one setting which the action of the piece calls for is sufficiently appropriate. Although good of its kind, "The Bubble" seems just a bit ingenuous for these advanced days of the drama.

WALLACK'S. "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Play in five acts by Bernard Shaw. Produced on March 26th with this cast:

Sir Colenso Ridgeon.....Ian Maclaren	Redpenny .....Reynolds Evans
Sir Patrick Cullen.....Lionel Braham	The Newspaper Man....Ernest Cossart
Sir Ralph B. Bonnington..O. P. Heggie	Mr. Danby.....Walter Geer
Mr. Cutler Walpole.....Arnold Lucy	A Waiter.....George Carr
Dr. Blenkinsop.....Edgar Kent	Jennifer .....Lillah McCarthy
Dr. Schutzmacher.....Wright Kramer	Emmy .....Kate Carlyon
Louis Dubedat.....Nicholas Hannen	Minnie Tinwell....Eva Leonard-Boyne

In his production of "The Doctor's Dilemma" it would seem as if Granville Barker had sacrificed the mental comfort of his audiences to his strict devotion to the integrity of the Shavian text. Shaw's five-

act study in medical manners and morals is quite all that its preface says it is, "a sermon, a tragedy, a comedy of manners and romance." But it is long drawn out and there are even some very warm and devoted followers of the Irish dramatist who will insist that its effect would be highly heightened if it were subjected to some drastic editing.

Mr. Barker calls this comedy one of Shaw's best, but in neither construction nor sustained interest—who can condone the fearful anti-climax of the final act?—will it compare with either "Candida" or "You Never Can Tell." It is splendidly telling in its differentiation of doctors and their varying schools and methods. It is marvellously searching in its revelation of character. It is scintillatingly brilliant in its dialogue. It is strikingly bold in its juxtaposition of the comic with the tragic.

Dr. Ridgeon is the inventor of a serum that will cure tuberculosis. There is room in his sanitarium for but one more patient. Shall the precious cure be given to an honest, plodding but unsuccessful fellow practitioner or shall the life be prolonged of a morally worthless but highly talented artist whose devoted wife sees in him the epitome of honor and the abstraction of genius? Given the additional premise that the wife is very fascinating, which Ridgeon is prompt to observe, and you have a dilemma for any medical man, which Shaw promptly sets about to explain, confuse, solve and resolve with all his baffling sophistry of accustomed wit.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" is the first modern play to set forth the Barker method in productions of its kind. The settings are unobtrusively appropriate and in excellent taste, but the action, depicting as it does conventional society, can go no further than good taste and sense suggest. The piece shows thorough rehearsal and polite intelligence. The new method of lighting shows its distinct limitations. The cast is universally competent. Lionel Braham as Sir Patrick Cullen, a physician of the old school, is well nigh perfect The fashionable doctor, Bonnington, is portrayed with airy self-satisfaction and humorous importance by O. P. Heggie, while Arnold Lucy is equally telling as Walpole, the insistent surgeon, whose knife is the remedy for all human ills. Nicholas Hannen is Dubedat, the irresponsible and artistic invalid, while Jennifer, his wife, is played by Lillah McCarthy with feminine fascination, exalted enthusiasm and really deep understanding.

A Snapshot Guide to the Theatres

BANDBOX. Bill of five unusual plays acted by the Washington Square Players.

BELASCO. "Marie-Odile." Spiritual play of a young girl's innocence—an incident of the Franco-Prussian war—beautifully and simply told.

BOOTH. "The Bubble." New character study by Edward Locke, in which that mirthful and artistic performer, Louis Mann, appears as a retail delicatessen shopkeeper.

BRAMHALL. "The Importance of Coming and Going." Not very convincing and somewhat unsavory preachment on eugenics and other social problems, spiced with witty dialogue, and acted in New York's newest and tiniest theatre.

CANDLER. "On Trial." Old-fashioned melodrama presented in a novel and effective way. One of the genuine successes of the present season.

CASINO. "Experience." Ingenious morality play depicting the perils that beset Youth in the Big City.

COHAN. "It Pays to Advertise." Highly amusing farce growing out of the idea that publicity spells success.

COMEDY. "The White Feather." Play of the present war and the German spy system.

CORT. "Under Cover." Polite melodrama of the New York Customs, with a novel twist at the end.

ELTINGE. "The Songs of Songs." Vivid and somewhat salacious play of gay life in New York; based on Sudermann's novel.

EMPIRE. "A Celebrated Case." Stately old melodrama of the "Two Orphans" school, revived with a remarkable cast, including some of our most distinguished players.

48TH STREET. Revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's tuneful operetta "The Yeomen of the Guard," featuring that favorite comedian, De Wolf Hopper.

44TH STREET. "The Peasant Girl." Successful version of a foreign opera, with catchy music and the popular Emma Trentini.

FULTON. "Twin Beds." Vastly amusing farce, built on the complications of life in a New York apartment house.

GAIETY. "Daddy Long-Legs." Simple and appealing little play of an orphan drudge who eventually marries her benefactor.

GARRICK. "You Can Never Tell." Revival of George Bernard Shaw's witty comedy, with Arnold Daly and a notable cast.

GLOBE. "Chin-Chin." Musical fantasy with the inimitable Montgomery and Stone and a bevy of pretty girls.

HARRIS. "The Lie." Interesting drama of English life with emotional opportunities for Margaret Illington.

HUDSON. "The Show Shop." A play within a play; clever farce dealing with life behind the scenes.

KNICKERBOCKER. "The Hyphen." New war play having for its theme the loyalty of Germans in America.

LITTLE. "A Pair of Silk Stockings." Agreeable and occasionally funny comedy, acted by an English company.

LONGACRE. "Inside the Lines." Drama of the present war, with strong situations and an interesting spy complication.

LYCEUM. "Beverly's Balance." Sprightly farce in which Margaret Anglin reveals her skill as a comedienne.

LYRIC. "The Only Girl." Musical comedy by the popular authors of "Mlle. Modiste." Clever entertainment above the average in artistic merit.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "The Revolt." "Sex" play dealing with distinctly unpleasant features of domestic infelicity. Not for the Young Person.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "Watch Your Step." Mr. and Mrs. Castle and other favorites in a musical hodge podge.

PLAYHOUSE. "Sinners." Old-fashioned melodrama of the kind that used to delight our grandfathers.

PRINCESS. "Nobody Home." New musical comedy of the usual Broadway type.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "The Clever Ones." Comedy satirizing certain English sociological fads.

REPUBLIC. "The Natural Law." Another unsavory "Sex" play dealing with the struggle between natural sex attraction and the conventions of society.

SHUBERT. "Trilby." Elaborate revival with a remarkable cast of the dramatization of Du Maurier's famous story, which first took New York by storm twenty years ago.

39TH STREET. "Taking Chances." Comedy with a gentleman burglar, impersonated by Lou-Tellegen, for its hero.

WALLACK'S. Alternate bill. "Androcles and the Lion." Witty fantasy by the irrepressible G. B. Shaw. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," staged with the elaborate externals of the Reinhardt-Craig-Barker School, and "The Doctor's Dilemma." A typical Shaw satire, dealing with the medical profession, long drawn out but with the usual brilliancy of dialogue.

WINTER GARDEN. "Maid in America." Usual girl-and-music show, featuring popular vaudeville favorites.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "The Revolt." Play in three acts by Edward Locke. Produced on April 1st with the following cast:

Mrs. Biddle	Jessie Ralph
Anna Stephens	Alma Belwin
Mrs. Caxton	Claire Burke
Mr. Caxton	Chas. N. Greene
John Stephens	Vincent Serrano
Fritz	Frank Worth
Carl	F. Russell Smith
Mathilda	Sara Enright
Floro Larose	Beth Franklyn
Cissie Mackaye	Sussanne Willa
Eva Essex	Annette Tyler
The Deacon	Howard Gould
The Souse	Sam Edwards
Fidgets	Fred W. Peters
The Prude	Edwin Mordant
Nannie Stephens	Rosanna Logan

The revolt of the neglected wife is a persistent dramatic theme. In "The Revolt," we are uncertain as to the wife's purpose, she, by good fortune, being saved from the dangers of her experiment. There is a happy and definite conclusion, including a reconciliation over the child whose life hangs in the balance. The wife is neglected; the husband does not provide for her properly, spends his money, under false pretenses of business, on women or some particular woman. She discovers a letter written to him that leaves him no defense, and leaves the house saying that she is going to get her share in the pleasures he has been indulging in. She at once becomes unsympathetic. With this fault remedied the play would take on a different tone. Otherwise, it is well written, and has a number of capital scenes. The wife has a stepmother who is without scruples, and who urges her to take to a life of pleasure. She does this, apparently out of pure irresponsibility and maliciousness, possibly with the idea of sharing in a more generous income for living expenses. A sinister creature is this stepmother. As an acting character she provides some amusement, in spite of her unnaturalness, unnatural even if true to life. That she is sent her way in the end is small compensation to the audience. However, for the purposes of the action Mr. Locke has drawn a character that keeps the theatrical movement active. The wife goes to the rooms of a woman she knows, or who is better known to the stepmother, and at her rooms encounters four or five men about town, one of whom immediately presses unwelcome, brutal attentions on her, embracing her. She slaps him. When the others have paired off and they are left alone, he tries force. A Doctor, one of the visitors, comes in and rescues her. A telephone message tells of the critical condition of her child, and she is taken home by the Doctor, who convinces the husband of the innocence of the wife. Thus we have some highly dramatic scenes, but there is a lack of emphasis on material points, purposes and real conditions of mind. In other words, the play is too slight, although the situations, in themselves, are theatrically strong. A little revision could greatly strengthen the play and give it that distinction which it lacks because of hasty writing. The performance lacks nothing in effectiveness. Miss Alma Belwin is natural, emotional, effective. Vincent Serrano lacks in variety and shading. Edwin Mordant has a properly proportioned rôle, so that between what is provided for him and what he brings to the part personally, the part he plays, that of the manly, friendly Doctor, stands out as one of the most agreeable, clear-cut characterizations seen on the stage in many days.

EMPIRE. "A Celebrated Case." Drama in a prologue in four acts by MM. d'Ennery and Cormon. Revived on April 7th with this cast:

Count d'Aubeterre, Frederic de Belleville; Jean Renaud, Otis Skinner; Denis O'Rourke, N. C. Goodwin; The Seneschal, George Alison; Madeleine Renaud, Helen Ware; Adrienne Renaud, Mimi Yvonne; Martha, Beverly Sitgreaves; Duc d'Aubeterre, Frederic de Belleville; Count de Mornay, Robert Warwick; Viscount de Langey, Eugene O'Brien; Jean Renaud, Otis Skinner; Denis O'Rourke, N. C. Goodwin; Joseph, Herbert Ayling; Adrienne, Ann Murdock; Valentine, Florence Reed; Duchess d'Aubeterre, Minnie Gale Haynes; Chanoinesse, Elita Proctor Otis.

At the fag end of each season, when the available supply of new plays runs low, and managers have difficulty in keeping their theatres supplied with dramatic material, they usually decide on the revival of some old piece which stirred Broadway a generation or so ago. The trouble with most of these revivals is that while the play selected remains what it was forty years before, the taste of the present day public has changed, for better or worse. Situations that thrilled our fathers are apt to appear very naive and hackneyed to us, and not even the expensive expedient of engaging an all-star cast entirely removes this impression. Messrs. Charles Frohman and David Belasco, after an estrangement of many years, recently adjusted their differences and marked the occasion by making a joint production of "A Celebrated Case," the drama by d'Ennery and Cormon, first produced in this country at the Union Square Theatre exactly thirty-seven years ago.

It is interesting, in watching this stately old melodrama which creaks at every rusty joint as it rumbles heavily along, to note the progress the art of playwriting has made since the 70's. Never for a moment is the spectator left in doubt as to what will happen. One anticipates the situations long before they occur. When Jean Renaud runs home, on the eve of the battle of Fontenoy, to confide to his wife valuable jewels entrusted to him by a dying man, and we catch a glimpse of a scowling face at the window, we know that on the soldier's departure, the assassin will break in and steal the jewels. When the five-year-old daughter hears her mother cry under compulsion: "I'm with your father" you are reasonably certain that, on the child's testimony, Jean Renaud will be arrested for the murder

of his wife. Representative of a type of play long gone out of fashion, there seems little excuse for resurrecting "A Celebrated Case" from musty book shelves except that the old melodrama, with its multiplicity of prominent rôles, affords an opportunity to assemble a cast composed entirely of theatrical notabilities.

If only for this reason the present revival is of more than ordinary importance. One easily becomes interested in the big melodramatic scenes when they are acted by such a fine romantic actor as Otis Skinner. As Jean Renaud, the gallant French soldier who suffers for another's crime, Mr. Skinner was seen at his best. The touching scene, when he blesses the child whose innocent testimony sends him to the galleys, was beautifully done. Nat Goodwin made far more of the part of Denis O'Rourke, the Irish sergeant, than the French authors intended. His performance was a delight. Frederic de Belleville, stately and dignified as the Duke, acted with that polish and finish for which this distinguished actor is noted. Ann Murdock gave charm and grace to the important rôle of Adrienne. Florence Reed was an earnest and sympathetic Valentine. Helen Ware, seen only in the prologue, made a splendid Madeleine, and Elita Proctor Otis gave verisimilitude to the rôle of the Chanoinesse. Minna Gales Haynes was a handsome but somewhat colorless Duchess. The play is staged in a lavish style.

White

Bertha Kalich and Robert S. Gill in "The Victim" recently at the Palace

39TH STREET. "TAKING CHANCES." Comedy in three acts by Paul Frank and Siegfried Geyer. English version by Benrimo and Morgan. Produced on March 17th with the following cast:

M. Van Ryck.....John Hamilton
M. Sabaroff.....Wilton Ross
M. Pascal.....Lionel Bevans
M. Clement.....Barnett Parker
Mme. Duval.....Winifred Harris
Lucy Gallon.....Carlotta Monterey
M. Armand.....Alexander Herbert
M. Revelle.....Elwyn Eaton
M. Ardenne.....Harry J. Ashford
Marielle Blondeau.....Ivy Troutman
M. Dubois.....Carl Freybe
Pierre.....Robert Vivian
Count de Lastra.....Lou-Tellegen
M. Henri Blondeau.....Dodson Mitchell
Jeanette.....Aimee Dalmores
Victor.....Walter Plinge

The most effective act in "Taking Chances," the new comedy at the 39th Street Theatre, is the final one. And the reason is that it subscribes to one of the most elementary of the formulas that enter into the composition of a successful play. The audience is prepared for it. Previous thereto it has been known that the Count de Lastra is a successful bank robber with irreproachable manners and a personality which the fair sex is unable to resist. His method after despoiling a bank is to compromise the wife of the chief of police. To avoid scandal that functionary condones the offense and as a further safeguard for security provides de Lastra with a letter of introduction to the head of the police of the next city which the Count proposes to visit in his predatory professional career.

It is Lou-Tellegen who personates this irresistible, young and handsome scoundrel, to whom the audience is introduced at an evening fête in M. Blondeau's Garden at Nice. As is the case in most functions of its kind—on the stage at least—the guests largely give themselves over to talk of the most perfunctory character. The entire scene is of no possible interest, as set forth in the dialogue, except that from it has been learned that the local bank has been robbed, and that apparently in Nice there is not one woman who is not prepared to throw herself at the head of the fascinating de Lastra. Even Mme. Blondeau, whose husband is Chief of Police, is more than disposed to sit up and take notice.

Act II is daring. It is very late at night. Mme. Blondeau is preparing to retire. The intimacies of the toilet are revealed with refreshing candor. Even the water in the tub is heard running in the adjoining bathroom. Madame gets into bed. Darkness, pause, suspense, de Lastra, lights, and tableau. Of course, Madame is horrified. She threatens to shriek. What will be the result? Scandal. De Lastra talks so interestingly, to her, at least, that in spite of the unconventionality of the situation she is more than disposed to listen. Well, de Lastra establishes what he is after, cigarettes with incriminating initials, jewelry and reports of conversations over the telephone, all preliminary to the final act when M. Blondeau comes to arrest him. Then de Lastra, with a fine theatrical sense of sequence, presents the conclusive evidence that his going free is the only possible price for the suppression of the scandal. All very amusing farce, for by no chance can either the story or its treatment be regarded in the light of romantic comedy. De Lastra is one of those highly colored theatrical portraits which no actor of presence or resource could possibly fail in. M. Lou-Tellegen meets its every requirement. Blondeau is acted with a fine sense of contrast by Dodson Mitchell, and there is feminine charm and ingenious sparkle to Ivy Troutman's impersonation of the wife. Carlotta Monterey is a picturesque, petulant and pouting adventuress, and Aimee Dalmores is piquant, pert and knowing as Jeanette, the maid. The stage settings are elaborate and in the best of taste. Messrs. Benrimo and Morgan prepared the English version. Herren Frank and Geyer were the original German authors.

REPUBLIC. "THE NATURAL LAW." Play in three acts by Charles Sumner. Produced on April 3d with this cast:

Dr. Ralph Webster, Howard Hall; 'Jack Bowling," Otto Kruger; Freddie Donlin, Carl Eckstrom; Judge White, Austin Webb; Ruth Stanley, Helen Holmes; Della Forbush, Teresa Maxwell Conover; Mrs. Franklyn, Maggie Holloway Fisher; A Maid, Florence Marsh.

That "The Natural Law" was supposed to be a play of value, both commercially and in its subject, sufficiently appears in that it was produced by John Cort by arrangement with Leffler and Bratton, and that it was submitted to New York after having been dispossessed from the stage by the authorities in Boston. Whether materially modified or not it passed the censor here. The play is notably well produced, acted and stage-managed. There is no impression of crudeness about it in any way, but the action turns on the refusal of a girl to marry a young man because he will act under a sense of duty and not of love. This is a new feminist idea, but it has been tried in several plays, never meeting with the approbation of audiences. Apart from this very vital point the play has many impressive scenes, and no intent to offend in order to gain attention can be laid to the charge of the dramatist or producer. The play has force, but we doubt its popularity as an entertainment, not that it does not entertain, not because it is not high-minded in many ways, but because of a certain reluctance of people to share in the discomforts of unhappy experiences of the kind. A girl, an artist, engaged to a doctor ten years or so older than she is, undertakes to paint the portrait of a young athlete. The two fall in love and are indiscreet. He is about to go to England for the Marathon. The Doctor, to whom she confides the situation, summons the youth. The boy will marry her when he returns, he promises, as he is dragged off to the boat by his trainer. She, however, will not consent to marriage now in any circumstances, for she charges him with consenting to marry her out of a sense of duty. Upon the boy's return the Doctor contrives to bring the two together and convinces her that she is loved. In the meanwhile, the Doctor has announced his intention to marry the girl he had truly loved in case he could not bring about the natural solution. The acting was most interesting, Otto Kruger as the young athlete, Helen Holmes as the artist. Simply as a play, a piece of work, "The Natural Law" has merit, and Mr. Sumner, the author, gives every assurance of dramatic capacity. The need of the play is less apparent.

SHUBERT. "TRILBY." Play in four acts by Paul M. Potter, from Du Maurier's novel. Revived on April 3d with this cast:

Svengali, Wilton Lackaye; Talbot Wynne, Burr McIntosh; William Bagot, Brandon Tynan; Alexander McAlister, George MacFarlane; Duc de la Rochmartel, Leo Ditrichstein; Gecko, Taylor Holmes; The Rev. Thomas Bagot, Cecil King; Col. Kaw, Walter Fredericks; Trilby O'Ferrall, Phyllis Neilson-Terry; Madam Vinard, Rose Coghlan; Mrs. Bagot, Annie Esmond; Angele, Virginia Fox Brooks.

In spite of the years, (*Continued on page 264*)

A Real Alice—in Wonderland

Twelve-year-old girl who acts the title rôle in Lewis Carroll's popular child's classic as naturally as if in actual life.

NATURALNESS, thy synonym is Vivian Tobin!

A twelve-year-old child who only dropped out of her high chair last year, and who still mothers five dolls of varying sizes, has embodied for us the heroine of our favorite child classic, "Alice in Wonderland." A quaint, shy, boylike creature is the little girl who has given to us the wandering Alice in the flesh.

She looks timidly, yet very directly, at a visitor to her dressing room, and makes the odd little bob that well-reared children make to their elders. You note that her blue eyes are deep and lakelike, that her lips are full and sensitive, her nose one of strong lines, and her brow full. And, disappointment though it be, her hair is brown and cut square across, *à la* Mrs. Vernon Castle. Alice's glorious sunshine colored hair is a wig, she tells you, and there's lots of fun in wearing it.

Alice and the Duchess

The Mad Hatter

The King of Hearts

Alice and the Red Queen

Photos Victor Georg
VIVIAN TOBIN AS ALICE

"I like to play Alice," she says gravely as she slips out of the boyish-looking, plaid-trimmed frock, "and I do like the tea party to which I wasn't invited. I enjoy the first and second acts. I like being the little Queen. When I step out there with my crown on and stand close to the footlights it seems to me I am playing with my brothers and sisters and other children and that I have surprised them with my crown.

"No, I never think of the audience. If I did I suppose I should be afraid. But it all seems a big game to me, with some big folks in it as when, once in a great while, my father and mother and uncle and aunt join in our games at home.

"I was glad when I knew that I was going to play the heroine in 'Alice in Wonderland.' I knew it wouldn't be a hard part to learn, for I knew the story and the pictures by heart. Of course, I found the play different. But I learned the part in three days. I learned it as I do all my parts, by hearing it read before rehearsal and then taking my cues at rehearsals. Then Mamma and I would go into my bedroom, and for twenty minutes at a time she would give me my cues and I would repeat my lines. There were eighty 'sides' pages you know at first, and seven or eight have been added.

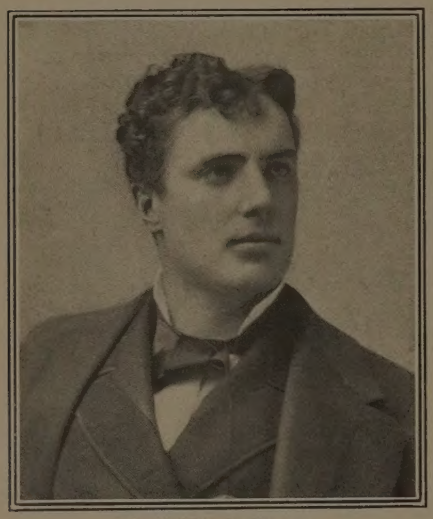
"I like 'Alice in Wonderland' because there are so many animals in it. I've always had some kind of animal in every play I've been in. Don't you remember Petams in 'The Rule of Three'? He was a little white poodle, the most sensiblest dog. He died, between performances, of heart failure. There was another little dog waiting for me at the next performance, another white poodle, but I never cared so much for him. He didn't have personality like Petams. No, I didn't cry when they broke the news to me. You don't have much time to cry around the theatre. I had to dress and be ready for the call.

"Next to Alice I liked the part of Toto in 'Zaza.' I played it with Mrs. Leslie Carter. I want to grow up to be just such an actress as Mrs. Carter. I want to make people cry as Mrs. Carter does. And I would like to make them laugh as Miss Laurette Taylor does. I want to do both. That's being an actress, I think. To be able to make people feel very sad and then very happy. All the stars I have been with have been very kind to me. I admired Mme. Nazimova very much. And Miss Katherine Grey. Miss Grey was so much like a woman, womanly my mother calls it.

Vivian made her début at the age of four and a half years as Little Lone Star with Laurette Taylor in "Yosemite." A few months later she was playing the Hungarian boy with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Kassa." She was with Orrin Johnson in "The Money Moon," in which she played a boy, and in "The Unwritten Law" with Amelia Gardner. She was one of the children in Alla Nazimova's production of "The Doll's House." Last season she was the child in "The Rule of Three." She played rôles in the juvenile productions of "Pomander Walk," "Disraeli," and "Jimmy Valentine" at Wallack's Theatre. Her Barbara, the flirtatious spinster, proved her possession of a keen comedy sense. A tenderly cared for yet wholly unspoiled child is little Alice in Wonderland. She never loiters about the theatre. Her mother whisks her into the playhouse, makes her up herself, and whisks her home again.

A. P.

A Famous Broadway Premiere of Forty Years Ago



CHARLES COGHLAN
Matinée idol of his day who acted Jean Renaud in the first American production

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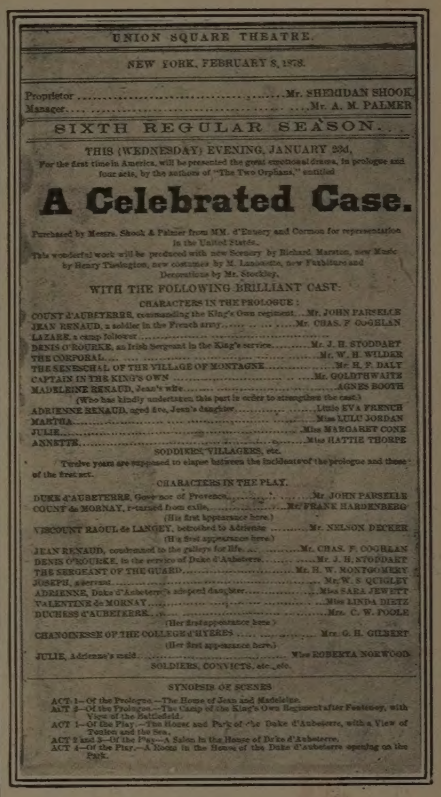
SARA JEWETT
Who played Adrienne, the Duke's adopted daughter



UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1878.

Proprietor ..... Mr. SHERIDAN SHOOK.
Manager ..... Mr. A. M. PALMER

SIXTH REGULAR SEASON.

THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING, JANUARY 23d,
For the first time in America, will be presented the great emotional drama, in prologue and four acts, by the authors of "The Two Orphans," entitled

A Celebrated Case.

Purchased by Messrs. Shook & Palmer from MM. d'Ennery and Cormon for representation in the United States.

This wonderful work will be produced with new Scenery by Richard Marston, new Music by Henry Tissington, new costumes by M. Lanouette, new Furniture and Decorations by Mr. Stockley.

WITH THE FOLLOWING BRILLIANT CAST:

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE:

COUNT D'AUBEYERRE, commanding the King's Own regiment ..... Mr. JOHN PARSELLE
JEAN RENAUD, a soldier in the French army ..... Mr. CHAS. F. COGHLAN
LAZARE, a camp follower ..... Mr. LARAY
DENIS O'ROURKE, an Irish Sergeant in the King's service ..... Mr. J. H. STODDART
THE CORPORAL ..... Mr. W. H. WILDER
THE SENESCHAL OF THE VILLAGE OF MONTAGNE ..... Mr. H. P. DALY
CAPTAIN IN THE KING'S OWN ..... Mr. GOLDTHWAITE
MADELEINE RENAUD, Jean's wife ..... AGNES BOOTH
(Who has kindly undertaken this part in order to strengthen the cast.)
ADRIENNE RENAUD, aged 4½, Jean's daughter ..... Little EVA FRENCH
MARTHE ..... Miss LULU JORDAN
JULIE ..... Miss MARGARET CONE
ANNETTE ..... Miss HATTIE THORPE

SOLDIERS, VILLAGERS, etc.

Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the incidents of the prologue and those of the first act.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

DUKE D'AUBETERRE, Governor of Provence ..... Mr. JOHN PARSELLE
COUNT de MORNAY, returned from exile ..... Mr. FRANK HARDENBERG
(His first appearance here.)
VISCOUNT RAOUL de LANGEY, betrothed to Adrienne ..... Mr. NELSON DECKER
(His first appearance here.)
JEAN RENAUD, condemned to the galleys for life ..... Mr. CHAS. F. COGHLAN
DENIS O'ROURKE, in the service of Duke D'Aubeterre ..... Mr. J. H. STODDART
THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARD ..... Mr. H. W. MONTGOMERY
JOSEPH, a servant ..... Mr. W. S. QUIGLEY
ADRIENNE, Duke d'Aubeterre's adopted daughter ..... Miss SARA JEWETT
VALENTINE de MORNAY ..... Miss LINDA DIETZ
DUCHESS D'AUBETERRE ..... Mrs. C. W. POOLE
(Her first appearance here.)
CHANOINESSE OF THE COLLEGE D'HYERES ..... Mrs. G. H. GILBERT
(Her first appearance here.)
JULIE, Adrienne's maid ..... Miss ROBERTA NORWOOD

SOLDIERS, CONVICTS, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT 1—Of the Prologue.—The House of Jean and Madeleine.
ACT 2—Of the Prologue.—The Camp of the King's Own Regiment after Fontenoy, with View of the Battlefield.
ACT 1—Of the Play.—The House and Park of the Duke D'Aubeterre, with a View of Toulon and the Sea.
ACT 2 and 3—Of the Play.—A Salon in the House of Duke d'Aubeterre.
ACT 4—Of the Play.—A Room in the House of the Duke d'Aubeterre opening on the Park.

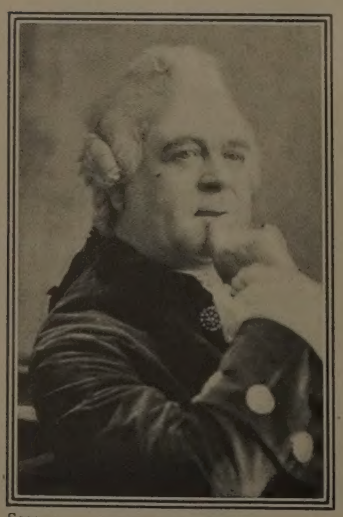
Program of the first American performance of "A Celebrated Case," Union Square Theatre, January 23, 1878

IT is nearly forty years since the first performance in America of "A Celebrated Case," and thanks to the art of the photographer, theatregoers of to-day are able to see the faces of the players of the original cast as clearly as if they, themselves, had been present on that famous first night at the Union Square Theatre four decades ago. We see the handsome Charles Coghlan, the matinée idol, then at the height of his popularity, as Jean Renaud; we see Sara Jewett, at that time Broadway's favorite leading woman, as the heroine Adrienne; Agnes Booth, for many years one of America's most distinguished players, as Madeleine; that strong character actor, James H. Stoddart, then at the beginning of his successful career; and Linda Dietz, the favorite ingenue of her day as Valentine.

The revival which has just taken place, the joint effort of Charles Frohman and David Belasco, introduces to the present generation a type of play which has gone out of fashion, and which seems startlingly mechanical in this era of construction which is close knit with character. Certainly Ibsen has helped to make the dramas which regaled audiences in 1878 seem hopelessly out of date, even though the great Norwegian himself, arch enemy to mechanical construction, has been accused of resorting to the artificialities of Scribe. Somewhere, Sarcey lays the accusation even harder upon the shoulders of Ibsen. "His 'Pillars of Society,'" wrote the great French critic, "is constructed in accordance with the rules formulated and practised by D'Ennery." But notwithstanding, Ibsen helped to antiquate the "well-made play." A few years ago we were given an all-star revival of "The Two Orphans," and however elemental and sentimental and melodramatically effective it seemed to us, we could not but wonder how our elders could ever have thought it a great drama in the sense that it reflected truth! So it is with "A Celebrated Case." It is easy guess work to determine from the very beginning what the solution of the plot is to be.

In 1875, Adolphe Philippe D'Ennery and Eugene Cormon collaborated in the invention of "Les Deux Orphelines." They were both seasoned writers, and had between them, and in conjunction with others, established in Paris a form of melodrama built along certain lines. These lines aimed directly at the hearts of the multitude; dramatists shaped their plots so every circumstance might be easily explained at the moment of the *dénouement*. Both men, at the end of their lives, were credited with the writing of several hundred such pieces, not together, but in association with others. Cormon's name is connected with the history of opéra-comique in Paris. He was the successor of Carvalho as administrateur of the Théâtre du Vaudeville. Examining the long list of pieces with which the name of D'Ennery is associated, we find such plays and librettos as "Don César de Bazan" (1844), "Faust" (1856) for the music of Gounod, "Le Cid" (1885) for the music of Massenet. Then there were "Les Mystères du Vieux Paris" (1865) and "Michel Strogoff" (1880). He was an officer of the Legion of Honor.

It was after the success of "The Two Orphans," and while France was interested in a murder case which involved the condemning of an innocent man to the galleys, that Cormon and D'Ennery came together again in association, and concocted the new piece which they called "Une Cause Célèbre." On December 4, 1887, at the Ambique Comique, in Paris, it was given its *prèmiere*. In the cast were M. Dumaine as Jean Renaud, M. Laray as Lazare,



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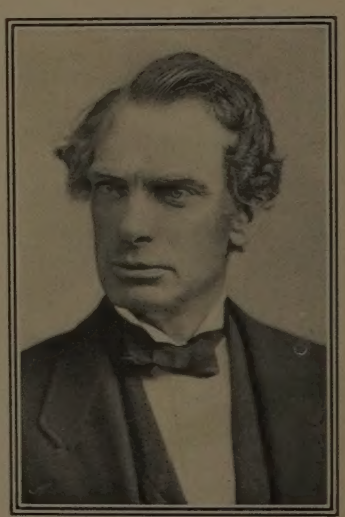
JOHN PARSELLE
(Duc d'Aubeterre)



Sarony

J. H. STODDART
(Denis O'Rourke)

© Chas. Frohman

Count de Mornay (Robert Warwick) — Viscount Raoul (Eugene O'Brien) — Chanoinesse (Elita Proctor Otis) — Valentine (Florence Reed) — Denis O'Rourke (Nat C. Goodwin) — Jean Renaud (Otis Skinner) — Adrienne (Ann Murdock) — The Duke (Frederic de Belleville) — The Duchess (Minna Gale Haynes)

The action is laid in France, in the reign of Louis XV. On the eve of the battle of Fontenoy, Jean Renaud, a soldier of the King's Own Regiment, runs home to place in the custody of his wife, Madeleine, valuable jewels and deeds confided to him by the dying Count de Mornay. He no sooner departs than an assassin breakes in, seizes the jewels and murders the young wife. On the testimony of the couple's five-year-old daughter, who believes she heard her father quarrelling with her mother, Jean Renaud is sent to the galleys for life. The years pass. Adrienne, now grown up, has been adopted in the family of the Duc d'Aubterre. A gang of convicts passes through the ducal gardens and Adrienne recognizes her father. Henceforth she will devote her life to establishing his innocence. A stranger arrives at the palace, demanding that he be recognized as heir to the estates and title of the Count de Mornay, and showing jewels and papers in support of his claim. Among the jewels, is discovered a necklace that once belonged to Adrienne's murdered mother. The Count de Mornay is finally unmasked and the innocence of Jean Renaud proved.

SCENE IN ACT IV OF THE FROHMAN-BELASCO ALL STAR REVIVAL OF "A CELEBRATED CASE" NOW AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

LINDA DIETZ
(Valentine de Mornay)

Mme. Lena Munte as Adrienne, and Mme. M. Vannoy as Valentine. For some reason it was soon transferred to the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, and had what was then considered to be a very long run for a play, one hundred nights! Among the Paris dramatic critics of the time was Emile Zola, the famous novelist, who went away irritated that the authors should have missed such excellent opportunities as were suggested by their prologue, which he considered the best part of the play. He confessed that he had never seen in the theatre a scene more successful in its horror than the murder of Madeleine; after that the drama was spoiled for him, lacking taste. Nevertheless, he did not discount the demands of public taste, even though he thought the public silly to want such melodrama. The fact of the matter is that in his most popular writing D'Ennery always was roughly scored by the French critic with a literary standard. What did Sarcey say about "The Two Orphans" except that it was heaped with old time, worn out emotions. Whenever he wished to throw aspersions on a piece he only had to refer to it as being of the D'Ennery type, with qualifications. For instance, writing of Hugo's "Ruy Blas," he spoke of it as reminding him of D'Ennery, but "put into music by a great poet."

EVA FRENCH
(Little Adrienne)

MARGARET CONE
(Julie)

H. W. MONTGOMERY
(Sergeant of the Guard)

Despite the fact, nevertheless, that "Une Cause Célèbre" was regarded as a careless sacrifice of good material, the English and American stage hastily reached out for it, and we can imagine the excitement with which Palmer and Daly put their representatives on the track. Cazauran, the reader of plays for the Union Square Theatre, under Palmer, was successful in getting hold of the original. When acted for the first time in America at the Union Square Theatre, New York City, on January 23, 1878, it settled down for a long run, with Charles Coghlan as Jean Renaud, J. H. Stoddart as Denis O'Rourke, Agnes Booth as Madeleine, Sara Jewett as Adrienne, and Lina Dietz as Valentine. But though the play was a popular success, it could not blind William Winter, who in the *Tribune* the morning after the opening wrote that it was a "grievous tax upon rational patience." It was during this engagement that Mrs. Gilbert joined the Union Square Theatre company for the first time. Five days after the New York *première*, "A Celebrated Case" was given at the Boston Museum with Messrs. Barron, Warren and McClannin, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Clarke, and Miss Fannie Reeves in the cast.

MRS. G. H. GILBERT
(Chanoinesse of the College d'Hyères)

From then on this melodrama took its place in the stock repertory of the playhouse. On December 6, 1880, at Booth's Theatre, James O'Neill starred as Jean, a rôle as sympathetic as the Count of Monte Cristo, though not as big. At Stetson's Fifth Avenue, we find Charles Coghlan in his old rôle, and Charles Wheatleigh as Denis. Florence Gerard as Madeleine, Lewis Morrison as the Count de Mornay, Miss Louise Muldener as Valentine, and little Tommy Russell as the girl, Adrienne, in the prologue. At the Columbus Theatre on May 23, 1898, and the following week at the Herald Square, Edwin Arden appeared as Jean and in the cast with him were Hannah May Ingham, Louis Massen, Edward Abeles, Olive Oliver and Effie Germon. Of course, the piece was given at the Murray Hill Theatre (December 12, 1899), when that house had its creditable stock company under Donnelly. Other performances were: Niblo's Garden, June 17, 1878, with Edmond Collier, Edwin Varrey and Frank Mordaunt in the cast; Windsor Theatre, August 16, 1880, with Edmund Collier and Anna Boyle; Windsor Theatre, May 15, 1882, with James O'Neill, who came direct from Haverly's Fifth Avenue, where he had been supported by Mrs. G. A. Farren, Forrest Robinson and Maud Grainger. It was likewise seen at various popular houses like the Grand Opera House (May 20, 1878), Fourteenth Street Theatre (October 21, 1896), and the People's Theatre (1899). The part of Jean Renaud has been played by George W. Wilson and Alexander Salvini; the rôle of Adrienne by Kate Meek, Elizabeth Robins, Agnes Booth and Georgia Cayvan. There was a revival at the American Theatre on January 21, 1901. The Frohman-Belasco production of April 7, 1915, is the latest. In London the play was produced at the Adelphi April 20, 1878, under the title "Proof; or the Celebrated Case."

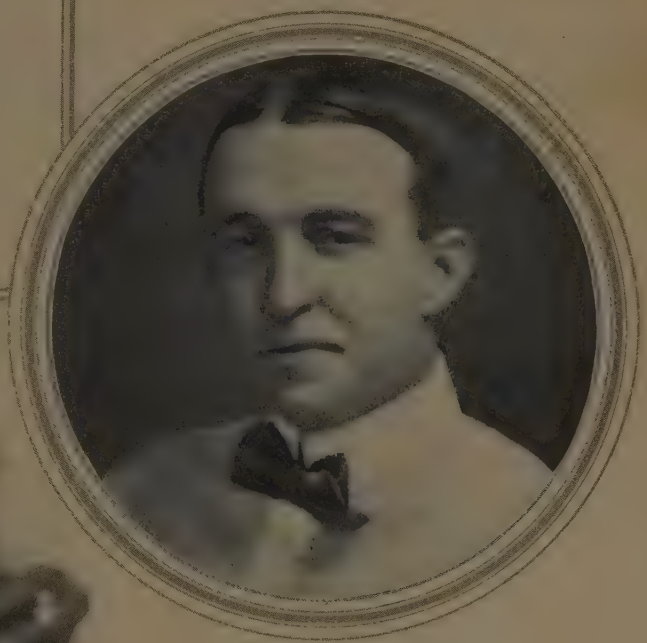
MONTROSE J. MOSES.

AGNES BOOTH
(Madeleine Renaud)

Sarony FRANK HARDENBERG
(Count de Mornay)

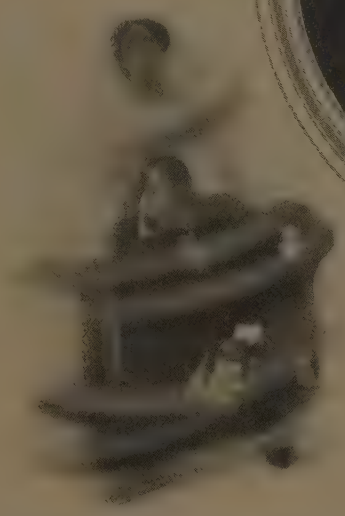
Vicissitudes of a Playwright No. 1. Eugene Walter

Our foremost dramatists are successful now and the doors to managers' offices are open. But what of the years spent in waiting for a hearing while the doors remained closed? What reception must the unknown playwright expect for the clean pages of his first manuscript? The experiences of men who have "arrived" will be an inspiration to persevere. In the annals of the American stage there is no more significant career than that of Eugene Walter, who acquaints THEATRE MAGAZINE *readers with the trials and tribulations of the untried dramatist.*



EUGENE WALTER
Author of "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way," etc.

THE story of how one gets a play produced on Broadway starts years before a line of it is placed on paper. It really begins with the development of a personality, advances through the A B C's of expression to some sort of mature accomplishment, and so on, step by step, until the author's name is illumined in electric bulbs, and he is referred to as a new playwright, who has suddenly risen to fame. Probably he has been rising for ten years as far as the ante-rooms of managers' offices and has already a bowing acquaintance with a great number of office boys.



SCENE IN "PAID IN FULL," MR. WALTER'S FIRST SUCCESSFUL PLAY

One morning in January, 1907, a clean shaven man, still young, with sturdy figure, walked briskly down Broadway. Thermometers in front of stores hovered close to the zero mark and there was a cutting cold wind. The drooping brim of a soft hat and the turned-up collar of a great overcoat nearly concealed his face, but keen eyes were visible, looking eagerly at a line of people, still two blocks off, that began on Broadway near Forty-fifth Street and circled round the corner. Where it ended was a matter of moment to the man underneath the great coat, the pockets of which were bulged by newspapers. It was only natural that he considered the contents of the newspapers as cause and the shivering men and women as effect; for nothing seemed too good to credit on that frosty morning. The rush to get seats for his play must have begun. If someone had told him that the line extended as far as the Hudson River he would have taken it as a matter of course, because "Paid in Full," the play that nobody wanted, the play seemingly doomed to die in Canada and again marked for as unhonored grave in Schenectady, N. Y., had just been lauded in the best adjectives that the New York dramatic critics command.

Eugene Walter hastened toward the line. Having passed the corner of Forty-sixth Street he looked anxiously ahead to the entrance of the Astor Theatre. The people still rounded the corner and faced northward on Broadway—but—yes, most certainly something was wrong, for strangely enough the line bent inward before it reached the theatre. The playwright stopped in the lobby where there was no one to question his stepping up to the box office window immediately.

"Good morning," said the house treasurer. "Too bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so, what's happened?" demanded Mr. Walter anxiously.

"Oh, just a little run on the bank next door—that's all. We've opened along with the panic."

The playwright's mental reaction after hearing this can be surmised. But his sense of humor had been fed on such jolts for so long that he merely laughed, taking solace, the while, in the fat bundles of newspapers in his pockets, and remembering that panic, or no panic, he had "arrived."

Concerning the "arrival" of Mr. Walter as a successful metropolitan playwright, a number of picturesque tales have passed from mouth to mouth. We heard not long ago, for example, that the manuscript of "Paid in Full" and its author were occasionally found on a park bench from sunset to sunrise; also—there is a more novel quality of imagination in this tale—that Mr. Walter was a waiter in an Atlantic City hotel when he met Mr. Wagenhals and gave him "Paid in Full" to read while the manager was sipping his demi-tasse. The truth in this instance is not stranger than fiction; but it is interesting enough without elaboration.

One evening recently Mr. Walter devoted an hour to answering, for this magazine, the question, "How did you sell your first play?" while his wife, Charlotte Walker, was seated near-by, ready to prompt him if he missed something important, or slipped up on a date.

Consider the equipment that Mr. Walter brought to the task of playwriting and his struggle for success is the more surprising. In young manhood he traveled, he roughed it. He enlisted with the United States Cavalry and he became a star reporter on the *Detroit News*—the kind of a reporter whose mind quickens when the composing room foreman howls for a column of "copy" that he must have in half an hour for the first form. Mr. Walter was credited with being able to cover a big story in less time than any man in Detroit. He simply revelled in human interest. Even then he divided people into two classes, those who see things and those who observe them, which, being interpreted, means those whose minds register a passing impression and those who instinctively connect what they see with the story behind it and visualize the story. He was a trained writer with a varied experience to draw upon before he wrote his first play in 1901.

The name selected by the author for this initial effort was

"Lost—An Opportunity." The dramatic critic of the *News* read the manuscript and pronounced it excellent, whereupon Mr. Walter sought the opinion of B. C. Whitney, manager of the Detroit Opera House and once more the verdict was favorable, with a few reservations. About that time the late Kirk LaShelle visited Detroit and "Lost—An Opportunity" reached the hands of one of the very best friends the unknown playwright of America ever had, according to Mr. Walter. In due time Mr.

Photos White VINCENT SERRANO AND ALMA BELWIN
In a scene in Edward Locke's play, "The Revolt"

LaShelle returned the manuscript suggesting that it was well worth rewriting, and, thus encouraged, the author began to rip his play to pieces and bind it together again without very satisfying results. Something was lacking.

During this reconstruction period, friends were placed on the advisory board and, while agreeing that changes were needed, nobody seemed able to go far in suggesting the nature of the changes, until the happy idea of remolding "Lost—An Opportunity" into a military drama was advanced. Mr. Walter was urged to make use of his intimate knowledge of army life, and so it happened that the play was virtually rewritten from start to finish and again submitted to Mr. LaShelle, who produced it at the Boston Theatre on Labor Day, 1902, under the name of "Sergeant James" with Henry Kolker in the title rôle. It failed, to be revived in 1910 as "Boots and Saddles," but that is getting ahead of the story.

After the opening night, Mr. LaShelle, Melville Raymond, who had a half interest in the play, the author, the star, the stage director, everybody concerned in the première and some who were not, gathered to discuss ways and means of increasing the vitality of "Sergeant James." No one considered the play hopeless, but on the other hand the dramatic doctors were at a loss for an immediate remedy that would revive its feeble life. The doctors disagreed about what should be done, so "Sergeant James" was withdrawn and put upon the shelf for some time.

On the trip from Boston to New York, Mr. Walter had plenty to think about. The work of a year and more had gone for nought, and why? Not because he lacked the instincts of a dramatist, not because he needed human material on which to work; but because he did not know how to write a play, or rather re-write a play Somewhere between Boston and New York he concluded that the theatre is first of all a workshop, then a studio and after that what individual genius can make of it. When he reached Broadway he looked for a place in the workshop. The next time something went wrong with one of his plays, he would know what to do with it.

All this, he considers of great importance in accounting for his "arrival." For the next three years the author of "Sergeant James" took a complete course in the show business, receiving a salary, the while, as advance man or manager for every species of entertainment known to the American public. Shakespearean productions, modern dramas, musical comedies, symphony orchestras, circuses and even burlesques served the purpose. He found out where other men succeeded and where they failed. In the spring of 1905 he was ready to graduate and his friends, Edgar and Archie Selwyn, persuaded him to move to Shelter Island and write another play.

EDWIN MORDANT, ALMA BELWIN AND HOWARD GOULD
In "The Revolt," now being presented at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

The outcome of that summer was "Undertow," which Cohan and Harris promised to produce before they decided that it possessed something in common with "The Man from Home." Mr. Walter protested that the resemblance was superficial, but uselessly, for no New York manager would take his drama. The best Archie Selwyn, acting as agent, could do, was to get a stock production in Los Angeles nearly two years later, and for a long while after the first performance, April 15, 1907, "Undertow" remained a favorite among stock companies the country over,

breaking records, it is said, for a play lacking the prestige of a New York run, and "Undertow" never had that. Meanwhile Mr. Walter had returned to the road as a press agent.

He was in New York after a tour of the country ahead of Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott, when Katherine Grey told of a fine idea for a play, but, in her enthusiasm, forgot to mention having read a vaudeville sketch the previous night. In due time the courts were reminded of a quite important feature of that vaudeville sketch and Mr. Walter paid damages; but that, again, is getting ahead of the story. Out of Miss Grey's idea grew "Paid in Full," during the summer of 1906, while Mr. Walter lived with the Selwyns at Southold, L. I. He wrote "finis" on the last page of the manuscript in August and knew he had completed a good play. The Selwyns called it great and he was not inclined to contradict them. Perhaps he had written "the great American drama."

With the Selwyns, he discussed the most likely producers, and first choice fell to Charles Frohman; for had not Mr. Frohman, only a short while before, given out an interview in which he spoke feelingly of the bitter experiences of young American playwrights and announced his intention of helping them. Mr. Frohman read "Paid in Full" and sent for the author.

"Mr. Frohman made several flattering comments," said Mr. Walter, "and ended by asking me to write a play about the kind of people that attended his theatres"—a dress-suit play. To this suggestion I replied that my experiences had given me a deeper understanding of the other sort of people and consequently a keener interest in them. That ended our discussion about "Paid in Full." Archie Selwyn did not take the first rejection very seriously, and in the capacity of agent believed that he would have little difficulty in disposing of a play that appeared so full of possibilities to all of us. I travelled once more, and my mail was brightened by frequent letters announcing that prospects were encouraging. Selwyn had a kind habit of keeping the worst to himself. Cohan and Harris did not see their way clear for producing a piece of just that stamp, nor did the late Henry B. Harris find it to his liking. David Belasco expressed pleasure at reading the manuscript, but saw possibilities for improvement were he made co-author, and so on down the entire list, with one accord they made excuses, until Wagenhals and Kemper were convinced that my play was worth a trial.

Mr. Walter gives credit to Blanche Walsh for those managers' decision. The manuscript had been sent to her and she returned it with a glowing letter, terming it a wonderful drama, but not suited to her. The letter determined Mr. Wagenhals to produce "Paid in Full."

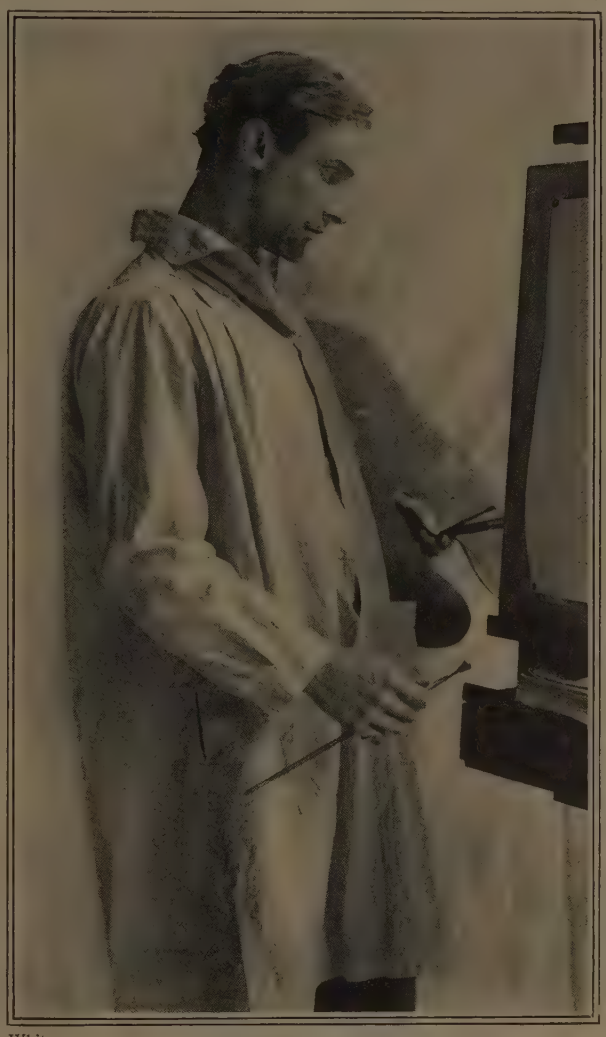
After a dull opening in Montreal and depressingly bad business in other Canadian cities, the manager was ready to regret his decision. The play actually closed in Canada and was reopened for another trial in Northern New York, where it struggled along on the verge of failure as far as Albany. Further performances appeared useless to everyone save the author and the company was notified of a farewell appearance in Schenectady. But Mr. Walter did not lose faith. He wired the critics on the New York papers, asking them to come to Schenectady to see if they believed "Paid in Full" deserved burial in an up-State town. Acton Davies, then the critic of the *Evening Sun*, alone responded. If Miss Walsh was responsible for the play's production, Mr. Davies, so Mr. Walter believes, saved it from premature death. His praise was so high, his enthusiasm so genuine that Mr. Wagenhals arranged for a metropolitan hearing. They had to wait a few weeks before the Astor Theatre was vacant, and then came as glorious a first night as ever colored the dreams of an unrecognized playwright.

Included in the audience were the managers who had asked to be excused from producing "Paid in Full' and they saw, just what the author had prophesied, thoroughly interested spectators. The play was novel in its direct construction, unprecedented in its treatment of American life, and the joyful response of the first nighters was unmistakable. Under the circumstance the author might well have said: "I told you so," and left a number of astute managers at a loss for a suitable rejoiner. Eugene Walter had "arrived."

In presenting his later works, "The Wolf," "The Easiest Way," "Fine Feathers," "Just a Wife" and others, he never faced the same problems, and as it is with the playwright in oblivion, not in the limelight, that this series of articles is concerned, we need not follow Mr. Walter's experiences further.

But it is interesting to note a few of Mr. Walter's present convictions. His advice to young authors is to jump right into the story and stick to it, as a good reporter jumps into a news story without wasting time in creating "atmosphere." If the characters are true to life and the environment is appropriate, the "atmosphere" will also take care of itself.

LYNDE DENIG.



White

NICHOLAS HANNEN
In "The Doctor's Dilemma" at Wallack's Theatre

White

GLADYS HULETTE
Playing in Edison film plays

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
Appearing in World Film photoplays

The High Cost of Stage Beauty

Theatre-goers to-day are not content with frights in the chorus. They insist on good looks and producers have to stand the increased cost due to competition.

White
Rose Quinn
"Maid in America"

THE "High Cost of Looking" has had its part in the "High Cost of Living." Theatre-goers have demanded the good looks and the producers have had to stand the increased cost of supplying the "Good Lookers."

Time was when the producer said to the young woman applicant for a position in the chorus, "Can you sing well? Are you a good dancer?" If she admitted she was not, she was promptly told to go somewhere and learn. If she admitted she could sing or dance, or do both, only two words were spoken—"Show me." If she had told the truth, and there was an opening, she got the position—also the $15 or $20 a week that went with it, if the show was a success.

Perhaps the director was ahead of his time, and muttered, sotto voce, "Gee, she's a fright!"

"Grease paint is cheap," the producer would reply, and that settled the whole matter.

But to-day the High Cost of Beauty has changed all this. Grease paint will perform wonders, but not miracles.

While the stage aspirant of to-day is asking for a position the producer, or his representative who engages the girls, is, in strictly modern parlance, giving her the "once over." He is doing more than that, he is examining her features very critically.

"Have you had any experience?"

"No, sir."

"Can you dance? Have you done any dancing"

"Not stage dancing."

Bangs

The top portrait is that of Julian Mitchell who stands at the head of stage producers. Underneath is a portrait of Ned Wayburn, known as "The Chorus King."

White
Maids of Pekin in "Chin-Chin"

Beautiful girls are not as plentiful as they seem. The show girl blessed with beauty rather than talent is the one who gets the engagement.

White
Alice Van Ryker
"Maid in America"

"But how?" hopelessly inquired the young man.

"If people didn't know me so well I'd do it myself and show you. The only way to find out is to talk with the people. Go over there and listen to them between the acts. Go into the cafés and listen to them. Get into conversation with them, especially with the middle-aged, solid men, the men who can and do afford theatre tickets every other night or so. Then come back here and do the same with our patrons. There's some reason; we've got the best singers and the best dancers, we've got more comedy and 'go' and more plot."

When the young man made his report he did so in a few words. "They've got a bunch of queens over there, while we've got a bunch of frights," he said.

"But our show is better——"

"All they talk about over there is the good-lookers. All they do here is to knock the chorus——"

"But it is real music; everyone has a good voice——"

"Aw, they don't even mention the singing; they knock the chorus because it's a bunch of frights."

This producer didn't have to think many days before he solved the solution. He had the show changed over a little, changed the name, let all the girls except one or two go and engaged others. Every new girl he engaged was a beauty. Whether his rival had deliberately selected handsome girls or got them together by accident, is not known, but this man got together the handsomest bunch of show girls, chorus girls and "ponies" that had ever graced a Broadway stage. He searched far and wide and would take only such singers and dancers as were good looking.

Photos White
Hazel Black
"Maid in America"

Adele Christie
"Maid in America"

Gladys Seater
"Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"

Eleanor Rose
"Maid in America"

"Can you sing?"

"I'm afraid not, nothing very extra."

"H'm, well, I think there's a place for you. Report to-morrow at 10 o'clock."

The applicant reports on time, is engaged, and starts in at a beginner's salary, which is just about where the girls of a decade ago left off—$25 per week.

The answer is, "Beauty." Beauty with a capital "B," Perhaps it is "BEAUTY," like that—all capitals. The girl has had no experience, but the man who does the hiring cannot allow such a "peach," as he mentally terms her, to get away from him into some rival company. His experience enables him to know just how charming she will appear in some of the scenes, just how attractive she will be in certain of the costumes. He can even see the members of the front row brigade nudging each other and calling particular attention to this girl.

Without any attempt to go into the psychology of it all, the fact remains that the so-called, much-maligned and overworked "tired business man" finds more pleasure and restfulness in looking at a galaxy of really beautiful girls than he does in watching the most intricate dance steps or listening to some tuneful little song.

It wasn't so many years ago that a keen producer sat down and tried to figure out why his show was not making the same brilliant success as that of a rival. They were practically the same, a sort of jolly musical comedy with more mélange than plot.

"Find out for me," he said to his assistant.

White
Dorothy Pond
"Fads and Fancies"

He was not long before he was "standing them up" every night. Tickets were selling eight weeks ahead. And from that time on the cost of stage beauty began to soar. Other producers saw a great light. If the patrons wanted beauty, they would get it. But beautiful girls are not as plentiful as it would seem. If you doubt it, take a stroll up and down Broadway or Fifth Avenue and count the number of really beautiful girls you meet in a walk of ten blocks.

The result was that the show girl who was blessed with beauty rather than talent was the one who got the engagement, and the girl with both talent and beauty could get an engagement practically anywhere at any time, and demand, and get, from $40 to $50 a week. Not that she possessed the talent of a leading lady or opera star, but if she could sing well and dance gracefully, and possessed, in addition, real beauty, her success was assured, so long, not as she could sing and dance, but retain her beauty.

The American chorus girl is ahead of them all. And by that is meant the show girl, the "medium," "ponies," and all other classes. In England the "flappers" and in

White GROUP OF GIRLS FROM "CHIN-CHIN" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

Ten years ago the chorus of a Broadway production cost the producers $600 a week. To-day the same chorus costs $1200.

Sarony
Eleanor Brown
"Maid in America"

Paris the "ensemble," as these girls are classed, are fortunate indeed if they can command as high as $20 a week. Most of them get about $15.

But the High Cost of Beauty in this country is no myth. You have only to look at the pay rolls of the various productions in New York and elsewhere, where girls make up a large part of the performance, to become convinced that the producer is really and honestly up against this high cost of beauty proposition.

They must have beautiful girls.

Beautiful girls are not plentiful.

Beautiful girls know this.

It is the old, old story of supply and demand, as old as business is. It doesn't matter whether it is salt or Oriental rugs or radium or show girls. If there is a big demand and a limited supply—Zing! Up goes the cost!

White "Maid in America" girls

All this does not apply to the principals. A really vivacious woman, a sweet singer and clever comedian who plays the lead in a revue or musical comedy or *mélange*, need not be extremely beautiful, because her histrionic talents and her voice is her value. A really skilled dancer need not be beautiful. In fact, there are many wonderful dancers and good singers who are not beautiful. But if these women did not possess these talents, and applied to-day for a position in the chorus, it is extremely doubtful if they could land it. Not that all the leading women, solo dancers and similar stars lack beauty. Many of them have it, most of them are attractive.

The show girls of to-day who wear the clothes, the "mediums" who wear the fancy costumes, and the "ponies" who must prance about and look "cute"—and here is one place where that much-abused word is used correctly—MUST be beautiful. The producers demand it, not because they personally want to pay higher prices for good looks in the chorus, but the theatre-goers demand beauty.

Even the women theatre-goers demand beauty in the chorus, especially among the show girls. They not only enjoy seeing these tall, stately girls wear beautiful costumes, but they enjoy their good looks.

If a show is not a straight drama or comedy or melodrama, then it is a spectacle. Consequently it must be a beautiful spectacle to make a hit. The day when wonderful scenery and handsome or daring costumes, together with plenty of grease paint, can put a show over has gone. Once there were scores and scores of pretty girls looking for engagements in musical comedies, but as they were not skilled dancers or good singers, most of them looked in vain. Now the producers are doing the looking.

Hill
R. H. Burnside, the well-known producer, who declares his labors today are much easier in view of the increased intelligence of the material with which he has to work.

White
Melville Ellis, who designs costumes and evolves marvellous color schemes for the Winter Garden and other Shubert productions.

White Florence Cripps
("Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic")

White
Mabel Hill
"Maid in America"

White Eleanor St. Clair and Marian Davies in "Chin-Chin"

The much maligned and overworked "tired business man" finds pleasure and restfulness in gazing at a galaxy of really beautiful girls.

And they are looking for beauty.

They are getting it, too, as any Broadway success which is made up mostly of girls will attest. Also, they are paying the price. For beginners, $25 a week. And from that right up through various stages to $30, $40, and even $50.

Naturally, even the most beautiful of girls cannot remain long on the stage unless she picks up enough dancing to enable her to stay in the line with the others, or become sufficiently good at singing to add her voice to the chorus. If there is any merit in her aside from beauty she soon acquires all this. There are some show girls who neither sing or dance. Their ability consists of being able to walk gracefully, to wear wonderful costumes as though born in them, to smile sweetly, and perhaps now and then speak a few lines. As long as they can do these things and keep their beauty, they are sure of profitable employment.

White Audrey Burton
"Fads and Fancies"

"Maid in America" girls

But the American stage girls are wise. They certainly know that Opportunity isn't a personage at all, but another name for Hard Work, and they do not say, "Oh, well, I'm beautiful; I'll get a position anywhere, any time; what's the use to work hard trying to sing or dance?"

The foreign show girl, or chorus girl, has little chance to rise above the chorus, because she will not try, she will do no more than is required of her. The American girl knows that with faithful and hard work the chorus is really the royal road to stardom. The truth of this is on every hand. If she is tall and stately and beautiful, or if she is medium, or if she is very small, it does not matter. So long as she is beautiful she can keep on, and if she adds cleverness to her beauty, and trains this cleverness into real talent, there is the star's dressing room always in front of her. It doesn't matter whether a star is tall or short, medium or otherwise, so long as she is clever. Consequently, there are few bright American stage girls who do not really strive to acquire talent, because, while the High Cost of Beauty helps them, it will never, alone, put their name in incandescent bulbs over the theatre entrance.

So-called "musical comedies" are as different from one another as the famous "Heinze varieties." In such shows as "Fads and Fancies," "Chin-Chin," "Hello, Broadway," the Winter Garden production, "Maid in America," and the like, the "singing girl" is not in such great demand; but in such musical plays as "The Purple Road," "The Pink Lady," and "The Peasant Girl," where the chorus music is really important, the

services of the "singing girl" are imperative and necessary for success.

Clever "dancing girls" are quite often given parts to understudy which many times lead to notable stage careers. Their names are legion, and a few such may be mentioned as: the late Mabel Barrison, fondly remembered as the creator of "Put Down Six and Carry Two," from "Babes in Toyland." Miss Barrison was a "dancing girl" with Weber and Fields, receiving $25 a week, when she came to the attention of Mr. Julian A. Mitchell, who was staging the play. Mr. Mitchell saw that she had more than the average cleverness and personality, and a few months later suggested her for a part in "Babes in Toyland." The part was given her and she made such a success that in seven months she was drawing $250 a week.

The magnetic Julia Sanderson is another "star" who was a chorus girl. Louise Alexander began her career in the beauty ranks, as did Mae Murray; Pauline Chase, a chorus girl with Charles Frohman, and who recently played the lead in "Peter Pan," in London; Edna May, whose first graduation from the ballet was as the "Salvation Army Girl" in "The Belle of New York"; Joan Sawyer, the society dancer, was a "show girl" in the "Pink Lady"; Flora Crosby, Bonnie Maginn, and a host of others also came from the chorus.

The case of May Leslie, one of the best-known "show girls" in New York, is typical of the discouraging obstacles in the way of the ambitious young woman in the ranks. Miss Leslie was an exceptionally pretty girl who desired desperately to rise to something better. She worked hard, no matter how tired she was, or how trying had been the day's grind. Every night would find her with a smile on her face and anxious to do her part to make the show a success. At length her earnestness and unflagging optimism attracted the attention of the managers for whom she worked and they began to throw in small lines for her. Most of these were what are known as "house warmers," the preliminary prattle which is always half lost in the confusion of late arrivals.

For years she did her "bits" acceptably, thankless "bits" that they were, until finally a sympathetic librettist "worked in" a full scene for her at the opening of a new musical comedy. Miss Leslie studied over that part as though she were to give a command performance before the King of England. She got it down letter-perfect. The night the play opened she was standing in the wings, dressed and ready to go on, when the manager tapped her on the shoulder and regretfully informed her that they would have to cut out the scene to make room for an extra musical number in the last act. For a minute Miss Leslie was stunned, then she suddenly burst out crying—she couldn't help it. "Gee, I get so discouraged," she sobbed uncontrollably. A few minutes later the curtain was up and Miss Leslie was trying to smile and working just as hard as ever. Harry B. Smith happened to be in the wings at the time and overheard Miss Leslie. A few weeks later he wrote a sketch based on the words, "Gee, I get so discouraged," and Miss Leslie was engaged to play in it a whole season, in the "Follies."

If anyone is inclined to scoff at all this, if he thinks it is all a part of press agent work, this High Cost of Beauty claim, let him run over some of the payrolls of New York's theatres. Ten years ago, yes, even six years ago, a chorus of thirty-five girls would cost the producers about $600 per week. To-day a chorus of thirty-five girls will deduct at least $1,200 from the week's profits. In other words, there *is* a High Cost of Beauty, and that cost is nearly twice what it was a few years ago.

JUDSON D. STUART.

New York's Littlest Theatre

THE latest addition to the already numerous playhouses of Manhattan is the Bramhall, situated on Twenty-seventh St., near Lexington Avenue. Originally a private house and remodelled some years ago into a hall for the Knights of Columbus, it was later used as a Baptist, then as an Armenian Church. For two years the property has lain idle. Early last fall, Mr. Butler Davenport, an actor and author, took over the building and transformed it into the tiniest as well as the most charming intimate of New York theatres.

Exterior of the Bramhall Theatre, on 27th St., near Lexington Avenue

The exterior is unassuming and modest. The color dull grey with the sign: "The Bramhall Playhouse," so called after the Davenport estates in England and America. Although the lobby is not much larger than that of a private house, mirrors give an idea of space. The midget box office, literally living up to its name, is more like a box than an office, barely affording room for the ticket seller and a typewriting machine.

The auditorium is a charming surprise, particularly at night when the house is filled. It is very small, with a seating capacity of only two hundred and twenty-five. There is a balcony but the space does not permit of boxes. The color scheme is grey and gold. The grey stone walls, the golden yellow curtains at the French windows, the golden cane-seated chairs—all these make a combination of color unique in theatre decoration. Perhaps the greatest novelty is the lighting scheme. Through French windows at either side streams what appears to be sunshine, casting a glow like that of a late afternoon in summer. The little playhouse is a gem of its kind, but so small and intimate that it remains to be seen whether emotions of a strenuous sort could be other than cataclysmically expressed within its limited area.

Mr. Davenport, the director of the new venture, is fairly well known in theatrical circles. At one time he was attached to Mr. Daly's company. Two years ago he opened the Bramhall Theatre at Stamford, Conn., presenting an unusual line of stock plays. It is a pity that he was not content with just providing New York with this artistic little playhouse. But, no, he must needs write the piece for the initial program and act in it as well.

As its author, Mr. Davenport undoubtedly had some sort of an idea after which he was striving when he composed "The Importance of Coming and Going" which he described as "a satire on sacred sentiments." To those who heard its first public presentation there was some genuine doubt as to just what was meant to be conveyed. Mr. Davenport is undoubtedly an eclectic, for in the course of the evening there was projected for thought, consideration and digestion something from the works and preachings of Ellen Key and Malthus, liberal quotations from the latest editions on eugenics, the innocence of virtue, the moral equality of the sexes, the laxity of the divorce laws, the selfishness of the ego and the general worthlessness of show and pretension. It is needless to say that in such a comprehensive program of subjects each if not all had to be superficially passed upon. The comedy began with the death of a young man, "the going" while "the coming" referred to the approaching birth of an heir to a French title. It was another case of foreign exchange that turned out badly for the American wife; for when baby came he promptly died, due apparently to his father's physical shortcomings. Mr. Davenport's play is little more than a preachment spiced with some dialogue of real witty aptness. But there was much in the text that seemed to have been arbitrarily introduced for the mere purpose of shocking. The scene of the divorcee's child with the pornographic postals were quite offensive. It would require a far more talented aggregation than the Bramhall Players to make Mr. Davenport's comedy convincing. There was a fine earnestness displayed but little artistic accomplishment. There was some truth to Marie Day's portrait of a vacuous mother and a grimly humorous picture of a society undertaker as presented by Gideon Burton. A breezy divorcee was glibly acted by Edna Archer Crawford, while the author-manager appeared as the degenerate French Count. The complete cast was as follows:

Miss Hansen, Gertrude Millington; Nora O'Day, Helen Reimer; Frank Stone, Philip Barton; Florence Stone, Ina Brooks; Dr. Lansing, Wilson Day; Mrs. Stone, Marie Day; Grant Stone, John Jarrett; Charles Stone, Daniel Jarrett; Bishop Vail, Hamilton Mott; Edna, Countess de-Valigny, Celia Randolph; Mr. Fogg, Gideon Burton; Madge Bantling, Edna Archer Crawford; "Pinkie," Ethel Hallor; Pierre, Count deValigny, Butler Davenport.

Photos Byron

INTERIOR OF THE BRAMHALL THEATRE, WITH SEATS FOR ONLY 225 PERSONS

MARIE MCNALLY.

Photo White

EMMA TRENTINI

This popular star is now appearing as Helena in "The Peasant Girl," the new operetta now at the 44th Street Theatre

Svengali's Impersonator Talks of "Trilby's" First Night

How Paul Potter's play took New York by storm when his dramatization of the Du Maurier's story was presented twenty years ago at the Garden Theatre

WHO has forgotten the *furore* that first greeted the appearance of "Trilby" when DuMaurier's charming narrative of French Bohemian life appeared first in *Harper's* and later in book form? Practically the first of the "best sellers," this story of the three musketeers of the brush became a craze all over the English-speaking world. No such widespread enthusiasm has ever greeted a book since. Paul M. Potter, a well-known journalist, saw a play in it, and he took the idea to the late A. M. Palmer. That manager did not share Mr. Potter's optimism in regard to a dramatization, but the rights were secured and the play produced April 15th, just twenty years ago, with the enormous success that we know. Who does not recall that memorable first night at the Garden Theatre, the frantic applause of the audience, the triumph of Wilton Lackaye's vivid impersonation of the sardonic Svengali? The cast on that auspicious occasion was as follows:

Taffy	Burr McIntosh
The Laird	John Glendinning
Little Billee	Alfred Hickman
Svengali	Wilton Lackaye
Gecko	Robert Paton Gibbs
Zou-Zou	Leo Ditrichstein
Trilby	Virginia Harned
Mme. Vinard	Mathilde Cottrelly

The play was revived at the New Amsterdam ten years ago, Miss Harned again appearing as Trilby, and with William Courtenay as the Little Billie.

"None of us can ever forget that first night at the Garden Theatre," said Wilton Lackaye, the great, recurrent, perennial Svengali of the present revival, to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative.

Svengali was removing the sallow complexion of the great hypnotist in his dressing room at the Shubert Theatre.

"It was a little more than twenty years ago that the *première* of 'Trilby' occurred in Boston," went on Mr. Lackaye. "We opened in that city because Mr. Palmer was afraid to open in New Haven. He feared New Haven wouldn't like it and that adverse criticism from the Connecticut city would affect business. So he took Boston by the horns and went there first. It was the first week in March, 1895, at the Park Theatre John Stetson was then manager. He was interested in the play and had watched the rehearsals during the week. He agreed with me that Svengali would die better across the table than be choked to death by Taffy in the middle of the floor. My contention was that such a death as we had contemplated would be bad for two reasons. It was the conventional death of the villain, and it would take somewhat from sympathy with the fine character of Taffy if he brutally did a man to death in the full sight of the audience. It was natural, too, that Svengali's heart should have suffered from the strain of the hypnotic influence he exerted, and that while trying to influence Trilby, and at sudden sight of the three musketeers, the men he most hated and feared, the strain upon his heart proved fatal. I was allowed to rewrite that scene, making him die at the end of the act. While rehearsing this scene my chin sank below the table, only my eyes showing above it. John Stetson, sitting in the auditorium, applauded and shouted, 'If you can keep that up it will be immense!'

"On the first night the house was well filled, the audience being made up largely of the Faculty and students of Harvard and their families. There were persons in the audience who seldom came to the theatre. 'Trilby' was more than a mere 'best sellers' of that time. In the book, a great cartoonist was making his début in literature. The interest in his sketches had caused an interest in his book, and the cumulative interest centered in the play. Persons were in the audience who did not read 'best sellers' as we now know them.

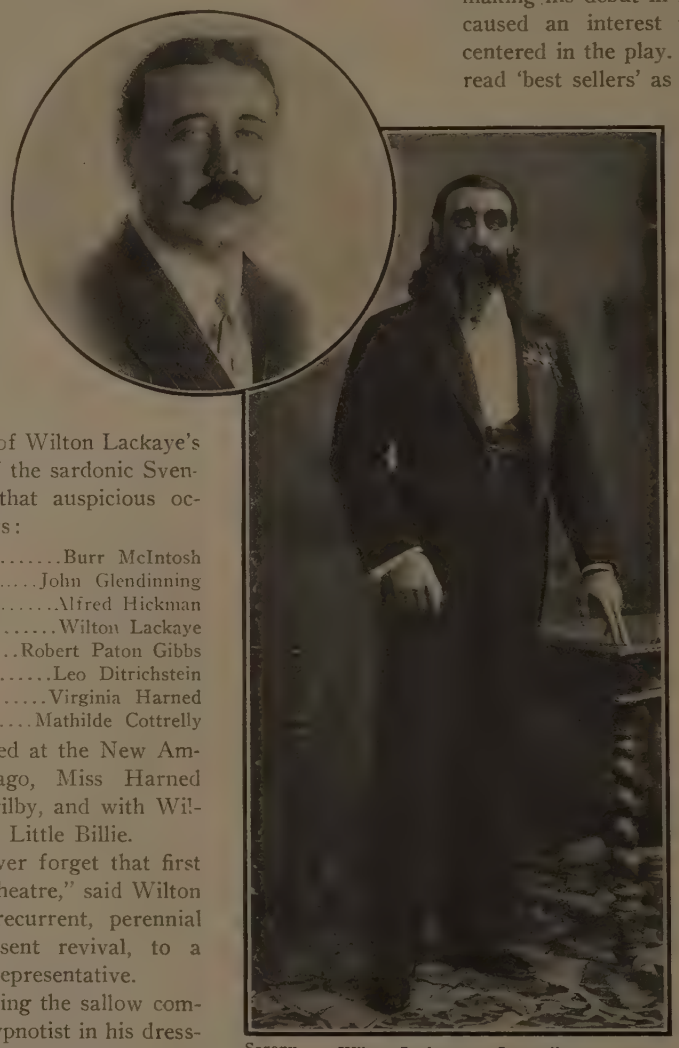
"After the first act there was strong applause. After the second there was practically silence. Mr. Palmer came to my dressing room. 'I suppose it has blown up,' he remarked despondently. 'I don't think so,' I answered. 'In the first act virtue was triumphant. The girl is won by the right young man. Good has won. But in the second act the girl has been taken away and no one knows her fate. There is little reason for applause.'

"Mr. Palmer wasn't sure. He had never cared much for the play. He didn't believe in it. I offered to buy it from him. He said: 'No, if it's good enough for you, it's good enough for me.' After the third act the applause was tremendous. The curtain fell upon an undoubted success. The manager's fears were at last allayed, and the actors took heart once more. All were badly scared—Burr McIntosh as the big-hearted Taffy, who is still with us; Leo Ditrichstein, who is again playing Zou-Zou, and Alfred Hickman, who was then the Little Billee. The players all suffered from a form of hysteria that some commentators on the stage call 'inspiration.' They were nervous and anxious. The reaction vented itself in more forceful acting.

"The same points that go with the audience to-day also registered at that time. Virginia Harned's entrance in the soldier coat worn by Trilby always provoked applause. The entrance of the three musketeers always drew forth welcoming cheers. That the audience hated and feared, but did not quite loathe Svengali, was due then as now to the recognition of the fact that he was an artist. It was a cultivated audience. Many knew the type of which Svengali was the incarnation. I saw the original in France. I took my portrayal from actual life, and with the aid of the playwright's lines I was able to transplant the actual living Svengali to the stage. I followed the original around the streets of Paris, to the cafés and Sorbonne classes. For weeks he was under my surveillance. The audience endured the horror of him for the truth of him.

"Our second first night, so to speak, came five weeks later. It was on a Monday after Easter. The Garden Theatre was as well filled as had been the Park. An incident that stands out in my recollection is that Beerbohm Tree was in front, and that he practically sat upon Palmer's door-step all night so that he might get the right to produce the play in London. I recall, too, that he sat next to Joseph Jefferson, and that Mr. Jefferson had made to him before the performance some complimentary remarks about me. Tree came back after the play and told me of Mr. Jefferson's remarks, and said,

(Continued on page 274)



Sarony

Wilton Lackaye as Svengali
(Inset) Mr. Lackaye in real life

Photos White

No. 1.—Taylor Holmes, Wilton Lackaye, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Brandon Tynan, Burr McIntosh and George MacFarlane. Act I.—Trilby tries to sing. No. 2.—Taylor Holmes, Miss Terry and Wilton Lackaye. Act II.—Svengali forces Trilby to write Billee a letter of farewell. No. 3.—Mr. Lackaye and Miss Terry. Act III.—Trilby, now a famous prima donna, kept under the hypnotic spell. No. 4, Act III.—Death of Svengali in the foyer of the Cirque des Bashibazoucks. No. 5.—Leo Ditrichstein (seated) and Miss Terry. Act IV.—Zou-Zou and other old friends come to cheer the convalescent. No. 6.—Rose Coghlan and Miss Terry. Act IV. —The death of Trilby.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN THE REVIVAL OF "TRILBY" AT THE

UNIVERSAL CITY, IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, THE NEW HOME BUILT BY THE UNIVERSAL FILM CORPORATION. PLAYS A WEEK. THIS ENORMOUS ENTERPRISE REPRESENTS AN INVESTMENT OF $18,000,000, AND STANDS TO-DAY

Big Fortunes Made From

SIEGMUND LUBIN
President, Lubin Mfg. Co.

White JESSE L. LASKY
President, Lasky Feature Play Co

ADAM KESSEL, JR.
President, N. Y. Motion Picture Corp.

LEWIS J. SELZNICK
Vice-President, World Film Corp.

ALTHOUGH the manufacture and exhibition of moving pictures has created what is now claimed to be the sixth in importance of the world's industries, it is only in the last year or two, since the advent of the two and three hour photoplay, that the general public has been brought to a realization of the truly amazing changes that the camera man has brought about in the last decade.

This is largely due to the final capitulation of the public press. Up to two years ago, the subject of moving pictures was hardly welcomed in the editorial sanctum; to-day editors of magazines and newspapers all over the world are devoting more and more space to the productions of the motion picture manufacturers. It is on record that one publication has added thousands of readers to its regular following as a result of serials and contests launched during the past year in association with the leading film makers.

To attempt to present here any adequate description of this golden industry would entail space difficulties, hence the writer confines the present article to answering a query that one hears to-day at every turn.

"Who have made the great fortunes in filmland?"

The producers and exhibitors who have amassed wealth in the film industry have usually been those who entered the field in its primitive stage. These pioneers in the business had nothing to fear from the competition of theatrical producers who, up to two years ago, scoffed at the camera man, yet are now themselves rushing pell-mell into filmland, as if it were a newly discovered Klondike.

The first motion picture magnate to own a box at the Metropolitan Opera House is Mr. Henry N. Marvin, who, in association with Mr. Hermann Casler, of Canastota, N. Y., successfully launched the American Biograph Company in 1897. This was the second of the 'graphs, the first being the Lumière Cinematograph revealed at Keith's Union Square Theatre in 1896. Mr. Marvin's film interests are now colossal.

After the Biograph came the Vitagraph, also launched in 1897 by J. Stuart Blackton, Albert Smith and Wm. T. Rock, all of whom to-day are millionaires owing to their success in the film business. Mr. Blackton was a lyceum entertainer who used to "play dates" in vaudeville in the early 90's. Mr. Smith also was an entertainer. Both had a knowledge of photography, Blackton particularly being an artist with brush and crayon. The two started the Vitagraph Company in 1897 in an office building in Nassau Street. In those days, Blackton and Smith did practically all of the acting before the cameras. Moving pictures were in demand principally in the vaudeville theatres as a "chaser," that is, to create an exodus of the seated audience when a crowd was awaiting entrance. It may be added that as film pictures were in those days they proved serviceable "chasers."

Wm. T. Rock did not join Blackton and Smith until 1899. Mr. Rock was one of the earliest exhibitors of the film. In fact he was well to do when he became a producer, having prospered in the South. The story is that Rock had a partner who had an "Opry" house in a small town. The two did not agree. The partner still has his "Opry" house, while Rock stuck to his camera and is to-day a millionaire. It was Rock who provided the necessary capital for the Vitagraph's earliest expansion, when he

THOMAS H. INCE
Founder of Inceville, California

Bangs D. W. GRIFFITH
Producer of "The Birth of a Nation"

HERE A POPULATION OF 18,000 PEOPLE, ALL DEVOTED TO THE PRODUCTION OF FILM PLAYS, ACT TWENTY-EIGHT AS THE MOST REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION OF THE SUCCESS OF THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

Nickels and Dimes in Filmland

joined Blackton and Smith, thus forming the great triumvirate which to-day is a power in picturedom. The Vitagraph Company has a pay roll exceeding $30,000 a week; its stock companies located in New York, Los Angeles and other parts of America comprise more than one hundred and fifty players, including several former stars of the speaking stage. At the Yuletide the Vitagraph heads hang up a stocking in which $50,000 is distributed among their employees.

George Kleine, who secured "Quo Vadis" and "Anthony and Cleopatra" from Italian producers and handled them in this country, was an optician, and even now he has interests in the optical line. Mr. Kleine's film holdings to-day are beyond computation. Out of the profits of "Quo Vadis" alone the new Candler Theatre on West 42nd Street was built, Kleine owning sixty per cent. of the stock. In Chicago, where Mr. Kleine operates from, he is regarded as the most public spirited man in the film industry. To properly present "Spartacus," a recent Kleine offering, he leased the Chicago Auditorium, home of Grand Opera, and engaged a Symphony Orchestra of forty-five players conducted by Modest Altschuler. It is said that he made a large fortune on "Quo Vadis" in one year alone.

Twenty years ago Siegmund Lubin had an optical store in Philadelphia, and that store, for sentimental reasons, stands in his name to-day, though Lubin himself now owns one of the biggest film factories in the world. Starting less than two decades ago by manufacturing one of the numerous projecting machines called "The Cineograph," Mr. Lubin's activities to-day may best be realized when it is stated that a year ago he paid over a million dollars for the large acreage known as Betzwood, originally the property of the brewer, Betz, near Philadelphia. Here Mr. Lubin has a film studio amidst picturesque environment, and seven hundred employees contribute to an output requiring an annual expenditure of over one million dollars.

A feature of the Lubin institution is the spectacle of many old-time actors and actresses enjoying in the evening of life that domestic cheer and freedom from financial worry that was seldom theirs on the speaking stage. Salaries paid with clocklike regularity for fifty-two weeks in the year, evenings to themselves, rehearsals paid for, legal and binding contracts and much of their time spent in the open country may indicate to the reader why moving picture actors find the new profession attractive and may explain why heretofore timid stage folk are willing to undertake for the film magnate almost every perilous feat.

Among the earliest in the field was W. N. Selig of Chicago, who also began in a small way. Selig made money as an exhibitor and manufacturer so rapidly that when the so-called film trust was formed he was included in the combine by right of priority and conquest. The Selig institution to-day is one of the most progressive in all filmdom. In Los Angeles, where there are two score at least of film studios, Selig has built at Edendale, a few miles from the city limits, not only a million dollar studio, but has added a Zoo costing $500,000, and has spent so far $264,000 in the effort to depopulate the jungles that all the people may be entertained simultaneously with Selig animal films. Elbert Hub-

W. N. SELIG
President, Selig Polyscope Co.

ADOLPH ZUKOR
President, Famous Players Film Co

Bachrach
GEORGE KLEINE
Who presented "Quo Vadis" in this country

WILLIAM HODKINSON
President, Paramount Pictures Corp.

CARL LAEMMLE
Founder of Universal City

HOBART BOSWORTH
Of Bosworth, Inc.

Photos White

LOU-TELLEGEN AND IVY TROUTMAN
In scenes in "Taking Chances" at the 39th Street Theatre

bard has referred to Mr. Selig as "Energy personified." It was Selig who produced the twenty-seven-reel film, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," for which Harold MacGrath was paid $12,000 for the scenario, and which was presented in fiction form in weekly installments in two hundred newspapers.

Carl Laemmle is the head of the Universal Film Company. He says he has always been a "nickel genius," and relates how one night he entered a Nickelodeon in Chicago, and before the night was over he knew all that the owner knew. The next day Mr. Laemmle procured a site and with his savings built a little theatre of the "Store" type that afterwards became so popular. He prospered and built more theatres; then, being dissatisfied with the service of films he was then able to procure, he decided to enter the manufacturing side of the industry.

In 1909 Laemmle began in West 101st Street to release photoplays in his own studio. Most of the directors he engaged then are to-day celebrities, and among the very first photoplayers he selected were Mary Pickford (Little Mary) and King Baggot. Both are now among the foremost stars of the screen.

Mr. Laemmle is not only a millionaire himself, but a half-dozen of his associates, all of whom began in 1909 in modest circumstances, are now wealthy. Among the number may be named P. A. Powers, R. H. Cochran, David Horsley, and Mark Dittenfass, all identified with the Universal Film Company.

Charles Baumann and Adam Kessel own the N. Y. Motion Picture Company. Both are to-day accounted as among the wealthiest showmen in the world. Three highly paid directors, all with the Mutual brands of film, are D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince and Mack Sennett. Griffith began eight years ago with the Biograph Company at a daily wage of $3. Now he is famous as the $100,000 a year director. Moreover, few there are who question that he receives this honorarium and still fewer who believe he is overpaid. His latest production, "The Birth of a Nation," is one of the marvels of the camera.

Thomas Ince is one of three sons (all directing photoplays) of "Pop" Ince, an old actor of the last half of the nineteenth century, who passed on little dreaming that his three boys, all of whom had shared the vicissitudes of the father's career, would become famous as exponents of the silent drama. "Tom" Ince entered filmdom as an "extra" at $5 a day. It was either that or starvation, he told the writer. Later he became a director at $60 a week. It was Ince who suggested the filming of Miller Brothers' "101 Ranch," a Wild West show that provided material for films that have had a world-wide vogue. Mr. Ince has reluctantly stated that his earnings now are between $80,000 and $100,000 a year. Near Los Angeles there is a film colony called Inceville. Here Thomas Ince stages productions for the screen involving an outlay in some instances exceeding $50,000.

Adolph Zukor, now the head of The Famous Players' Film Company, hails from New York's great East Side. He was one of the first to start in the nickelodeon phase of the industry which brought him big returns. Then, with Marcus Loew, he inaugurated a campaign which gradually converted one-third of New York's playhouses into veritable gold mines. Zukor's interest in the Loew enterprises is still large enough to bring him dividends annually exceeding $100,000. (*Continued on page 262*)

Photo Sarony

Yours Truly
Margaret Campbell

Robert E. Jones' design for the costumes and decorations of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," produced by Granville Barker at Wallack's

New Scenic Art of the Theatre

THE outbreak of the war last August stifled, at least temporarily, the new dramatic life which has sprung into existence during the past fifteen or twenty years all over Europe. For the time being it also cut short the European residence of Robert E. Jones, who was then in Berlin, studying the new Reinhardt methods. It was not an ill wind, however, that brought this artist back to the shores of America, for on the wings of it has come his first success. It was he who designed the decorations for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," presented by Granville Barker at Wallack's.

Mr. Jones is an American. He was born in a little New England town, and three years ago he was an instructor of drawing at Harvard. He came to New York to find himself and his first gropings toward self-recognition were spasmodic attempts in poster art. A pageant in Madison Square Garden in which the silk strikers of Paterson took part gave Mr. Jones his first chance. He made posters for the production, helped coach the players, designed the costumes. The workers gave a performance, so strong in its appeal that Robert Jones suddenly realized definitely what he had vaguely felt before—that the decoration of the drama was to be his *métier*. He went abroad, and in Italy saw several marvellous spectacles such as we in America may perhaps be educated to appreciate some time in the distant future. It was an exquisite outburst of beauty that stirred the artist's nature more deeply. How to get in touch with the people who were doing things of this sort? Luck served him for he made the acquaintance of one of Reinhardt's artists.

"He liked me," says Mr. Jones, "and he liked my work, and when I told him my great ambition, he said: 'Come along to Berlin, and I'll get you a position that will enable you to see and study the new methods.'"

So he went to Berlin, and got in touch with the Reinhardt ways of doing things, as seen in the Deutsches Theatre. He had a wonderful opportunity to assimilate the modern idea of play-producing in all its force. He saw Reinhardt manipulate his dramatic themes until he extracted the very essence of their being. He saw how the German producer, tying the action round and round with harmonious decoration, pounded on the single *motif* in every possible way; by word, by gesture, light, sound, color, until the audience was fairly intoxicated with its overwhelming intensity.

In the midst of his enthusiasm of all the new influences in his life, came the declaration of war. The serenity of America became a welcome thought, and Mr. Jones, like thousands of others, became a war refugee. But America, he found, was not quite so calm, artistically, as he had anticipated. Interest in the new theatre art was very much awake, and he had an opportunity, with several other artists, to exhibit his designs. Later, he made drawings for the costumes and decorations of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," which was about to be produced by an American actress. Just when he had half finished, the idea was discontinued.

About this time, however, the Stage Society brought Granville Barker over, and Mr. Barker saw the designs. Charmed with their

Design for stage setting of "The Cenci"

sprightly accord with the spirit of the playlet, Mr. Barker decided that he wanted them.

The interesting thing about the decorations, aside from the fact of their actual artistic worth, is that they were really made by the designer himself. In this way, there is a strong thread of unity running through the entire production. It begins with the study of the delightful Anatole France playlet, in which the author imparts to the sensitive artistic nature the very essence of his mood. Now this thread of feeling wraps the painter round, giving to him the enthusiasm, the "creative ecstasy" that materializes in form, line and color. Filled with the joy of creation, the artist next becomes the costumer, and imparts even to the actual clothes and accessories of the play some of the magic of his play spirit.

This desire for unity in the theatre is the kernel of the new theatre movement, bringing into close contact the new producer and the modern artist. The latter sees a chance to touch his work with larger life, to send his art abroad with a wider message. "The theatre of to-day is alive," said Mr. Jones to the writer. "It is full of a new spirit in which there is ever present the desire for the fullest, widest expression of the author's

PROMINENT PLAYERS
IN THEIR HOMES.
No. 15.
THE MISSES MARY
AND FLORENCE NASH

Mary Nash, recently seen in "Secret Strings," will appear shortly in a film play, entitled "The Unbroken Road." Florence Nash, who made a hit as Aggie Lynch in "Within the Law," is duplicating her success this season as Polly Cary in "Sinners" at the Playhouse.

(Photos taken especially for the THEATRE MAGAZINE *by Byron)*

thought. The modern producer uses every means in his power to convey the message as completely as possible to the sensibilities of his audience. He seeks for a synthesis of color, sound and movement, and the artist helps him by supplying the decoration which binds the whole. Perfect rhythmic presentation is the keynote of modern play-producing.

"The most perfect representations I ever witnessed," continued Mr. Jones, "were given in the Jean Dalcroze school in Hellerau, near Dresden. Imagine a hall, with white walls, entirely without windows. A long box of a place it is, with a queer, glossy floor having the appearance of lacquer. There is no stage, only a space for the actors; and a piano at the side. Here then, is a room stripped of every possible superfluity which might detract from the completeness of the emotional appeal. M. Dalcroze is seated at the piano; twenty or thirty of his pupils are in the space at the front of the room. Now this is what happens while M. Dalcroze improvises movements on the piano: his pupils improvise movements of the body in accord with his sounds, and somebody, somewhere, is improvising movements of light, in various colors to complete the rhythm of the music and the dance. There is the wonderful synthesis of movement, sound, color, light, to wrap the spectator round, and carry him away on a tremendous emotional wave.

Photo Arnold Genthe

BEATRICE MAUDE

Leading woman in the Western company of "A Pair of Sixes"

The light throbs and pulsates, bathing dancers and spectators in its ecstatic waves. Where does it come from? Nobody knows. Suddenly you see a golden glow on one side of the hall; it disappears, and the passion of a purple beat pulses over the entire room, to merge into a cool blue or a vivid crimson. So the concealed wizard runs the gamut of a marvelous color symphony."

This wizard and his light interested the American decorator. He found that he is a Russian, Salzmann by name, a queer, impractical genius from the region of the Caucasus, whom Dalcroze discovered designing furniture. "His method of lighting," says Mr. Jones, "has a most awe-inspiring effect. It bathes the actors in a sort of luminosity which is almost agonizing in its spirituality. The room being shadowless, the actors fairly swim in this light. Of such unearthly beauty is it that the human body, even very carefully trained in its movements, becames awkward and heavy. Some of Reinhardt's best actors, walking in it, seem grotesque. The Dalcroze pupils, however, trained in the utmost beauty of rhythmic movement, are perfectly harmonious with this utmost achievement in lighting. This, surely, is the ideal."

The subject of lighting, which is one of the most important ways of getting unity of effect in the theatre, has been carried to wonderful heights in the theatre of Max Reinhardt. One of Mr. Jones' most interesting stories deals with the young electrician of the German producer who laid down his life in the service of light. It was the spectacle of "The Miracle," possibly the most marvellous thing Reinhardt ever accomplished, which asked the human sacrifice. Here were to be found wonderful manipulations of light to pound, pound, in the true Reinhardt way on the emotions of his audience.

Under the eaves, in a tiny swinging room, sat the young electrician at his switchboard. Day and night he sat there, without a breath of the outer air to reach him. Only the foul air of the theatre flowed up to him, and mingled with the stifling heat and odor in his cubby hole. He didn't know it, however, for he was too busy listening to a certain buzzer here which told him to bathe the statue of the Virgin in radiance, or another there, which signalled him to sear the floor of the stage with the cross of burning light.

But as time went on, the man who sent the message of light to the mass of humanity gathered in the theatre, developed tuberculosis. He had to leave his little space under the roof, and go away. Slowly, slowly, he was dying, giving up his life that the radiance of light might send its daily message to thousands. Yet he was not bitter, only yearning with the intensity of an ebbing life, to sit once more at his board, and in the single illumination of a statue, witness the miracle of an entire audience in tears.

Mr. Jones, of course, has his ideal theatre. In it, there will be no stage. It will seek, not to educate, but to illuminate, to cheer, by carrying the ray of joy and life and color into the darkness of materialism with which humanity is clothed.

RUTH GOTTHOLDT.

LILLAH McCARTHY IN JENNSSEN'S TRAGEDY "THE WITCH" IN WHICH SHE WILL APPEAR SHORTLY IN THIS COUNTRY

Behind the Scenes with Mrs. Granville Barker

The clever actress-wife of the famous English producer talks about herself, her art and her husband.

ACROSS the partition that separated the star dressing room from its neighbor came a stream of high-pitched, staccato speech. When it had stopped for a moment preparatory to a new and shriller flood, a voice, deep, rich, round of note and deliberate in delivery, said:

"Tell me just what proposition you have to make?"

"That is Mrs. Barker's voice," said her admiring maid.

"That is Mrs. Barker's mind," thought approving I.

I recalled Richard Grant White's dictum: "We think in words, and when we lack fit words we lack fit thoughts." Mrs. Barker's rich-toned interjection had been a challenge to the diffuse talker to talk to the point. It besought her to say what she had to say, and when she had finished to stop, an art not commonly mastered in conversation. By that short speech Mrs. Barker placed herself in the category of clear thinkers. It classified her with those who economize time by practicing concise expression. An admirable quality and one calculated to register a strong first impression.

She came in a moment later and deepened the impression by a serene face, out of which dark eyes looked softly, yet with a discernment that takes accurate measure of persons and things, by a tall, lithe body, wrapped in a rose-colored kimono, denoting both strength and pliancy.

LILLAH McCARTHY
(Mrs. Granville Barker)

"We are Irish," she said of the family whence she sprung. "I spent my girlhood at Cheltenham, in Northumberland. My father was deeply interested in Shakespeare. I both inherited and imbibed my taste for the supreme dramatist. I had intended to go on concert tours and give Shakespearean readings. Ben Greet saw me in an amateur neighborhood affair and asked me if I did not want to go on the stage. I answered that I hadn't thought about it. My brother was keen to go on the stage, though I was not. He said: 'Tell Mr. Greet you would like to go if he would take your brother, too.' I did, and he took us both. We toured with Mr. Greet for two years. It was during that tour that I met Mr. Barker.

"He was also a beginner. We didn't notice each other much at that time. We met and spoke, and that was all. I joined Wilson Barrett's company. I came with him to America in 'The Sign of the Cross.' Afterwards I was engaged as leading woman for the Court Theatre, which Mr. Barker managed. We recalled our experiences in the Greet company. We played together in the Court Theatre company and in a year we were married.

Strauss-Peyton LUCILLE CAVANAUGH
Playing in "The Whirl of the World"

"From the first I was heartily in sympathy with Mr. Barker's aims and ambitions. You see, I had always lived in the atmosphere of Shakespeare, and I had always revered him. I used to buy old books about Mrs. Siddons and take them for long, lonely walks into the country, and dream about being great and splendid. Like Helen Faucit, I pored over Shakespeare and longed to be Juliet and Imogen, and above all, Lady Macbeth. I suppose all girls have these spasms, but mine continued. I really was passionately fond of Shakespeare, and I believed I had attained the summit of all earthly ambition when I was allowed to come to London and endeavor to qualify for the stage.

"I had gone cheerfully through the dreary work of voice production. How excited I was when I appeared as Lady Macbeth at the Siddons' memorial performance at St. George's Hall when I was sixteen! Eventually I formed a connection with the Elizabethan, the Stage and the Shakespearean Reading Societies, and had the privilege of working with the beloved William Poel, one of the greatest of the world's authorities on Shakespeare.

"It was a milestone in my progress through dramatic life when I met George Bernard Shaw. He was then a dramatic critic, and he wrote of my performance something in this wise:

"'I saw a girl who did not know how to act nor speak blank verse, nor do anything except how it ought not to be done. Still, she gave a remarkable performance just the same. I advised her to go into the provinces for ten years and learn how to act. One day there walked into the room where I was at work a lady quite unknown to me, who said: "Well, the ten years are up. I have done what you told me. Now, what are you going to do for me?"

"He published thus the true story of how I came to know Bernard Shaw. He did a great deal for me, for he gave me my chance to play Ann in 'Man and Superman' at the Court Theatre. The young man who played opposite me was Granville Barker, whom a year later I married. We have never been able to explain why we didn't take any notice of each other ten years before when we were in the Ben Greet company together."

"Perhaps it was because you were both so ambitious that you gave no thought to anything except your work."

Mrs. Granville Barker looked thoughtfully into her mirror.

"Perhaps," she said. She can put more thought and stimulation of thought in one word than can any other woman I know.

"At any rate," she added, "we are thoroughly one in aim and sympathy now. I have told you of my personal experiences to show you how that ten-year cycle of experience was a thought and development cycle that brought us at least mentally together.

"Yes, it was curious experience to be playing Ann Whitfield to the John Tanner of the man who was to be my husband. Shaw's heroines make a draft upon every wile and blandishment. Ann Whitfield is, artistically speaking, my favorite rôle, and yet it was a crucial one in a personal sense.

"Juliet of Shakespeare's production has only to lean over a balcony in spangled cap for Romeo to liken her to the stars above and the flowers beneath, and to wish he were the glove upon her hand. But poor Ann Whitfield has to be as bewitching as she can and make love to her future husband in the person of John Tanner in ordinary dress; while the man she loves and wants to marry studies her critically and discusses her appearance only as to its ethical value. That right down to the last, when he capitulates, shouting, 'The life force!'"

"Do you approve of all your husband's innovations and departures from time-worn conventions? You are not afraid to risk the new?"

"As thoroughly as though I were part of his brain that conceives and

Unity
STAFFORD PEMBERTON
With "The Passing Show of 1914"

Strauss-Peyton MOLLIE KING
Appearing in "Nobody Home" at the Princess

executes them. And I do not regard the good as of necessity new.

"I agree absolutely with his idea of the necessity for long and rigid training. I would certainly advise a girl to train for the stage if she has any aptitude for it. But she should properly train. Let her join a school or classes and work steadily for three years at music and rhythm, elocution and voice production, dancing and fencing. At the end of that time she will have acquired sufficient knowledge of these branches of her art to be able to put them into practical use. Then let her travel or go into a good stock or repertoire company for three more years. Let her travel everywhere, and play all the parts she can. In the ideal training one should play eight parts a week for a time. At the end of this second period, during which she will be earning a salary, she should be ready for—yes, and obtain—good parts in good plays in the large cities.

"My husband and I are one, also, in the idea of an ideal theatre. It would be a double theatre, two playhouses in one, for convenience built stage to stage. One would be a workshop in which artists could experiment while the other would be the theatre proper. In the workshop theatre the artists could design scenes. The costumer could strive there for telling effects. The various systems of lighting could be tried, and all new devices for the stage worked out. In this workshop theatre, at private rehearsals, the dramatist could try his new plays and so detect their defects. One of our most marked shortcomings in the theatre to-day is that we take so little thought of trial performances. In this, our ideal theatre, we would have a gymnasium. Gymnastics and dancing would be taught there to give poise of body. And experienced actors should and would give gladly of their services for the sake of establishing the best standards of the stage.

"I am thoroughly in accord with my husband in the way he goes about a new play that he is to do. He first determines what he terms the practicalities of the play. That is what kind of play it is and what manner of treatment it requires. He works as hard as a draughtsman on such apparent trivialities as exits and openings, what we class as the physical side of a play. One great truth about my husband is that there is not a Granville Barker school, or manner of treatment. He attacks each new play with all the freshness of view and openness to impression and desire for individual treatment as though he were a beginner. He has no set form of production, not even in the matter of lighting. Every new play is a new problem. The large stage in 'The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife' and in the other plays we have presented, with exits where the stage box used to be, is used because it is the easiest and most natural way for the actors to make their entrances.

"It is the same in his banishment of the footlights. Other problems, other solutions, as, for instance, the introduction of later English instead of the former classic music in "Midsummer Night's Dream." The spirit of the play seemed to call for modern music. That was all.

"Mr. Barker has, to my mind, an exquisite sense of dramatic fitness. He has a taste that, I believe, never errs. He is committed to no other working rule than 'I will produce this play as well as I can.' If to produce it well he must make some departures from the beaten track he makes the departures. Otherwise not.

"As to actors, having decided whether the play demands a fanciful or a realistic treatment, he ponders on what actors are best qualified to depict the characters, and he secures them if he can. He has a conference with them. He suggests the general outline of the effect he wishes to produce and then leaves them to fill it in. Himself the architect of the production he gives them leave within limitations to build upon his plans.

"So it is with the artist whom he chooses to decorate the play. Mr. Barker is no driver, but in the largest sense a director.

Photo Falk

Sybil Maitland as the Piper and Marian Ballin as the Village Maid in the Ballad Dances, a charming combination of music, verse and dance created by Mrs. Mary Perry King and performed recently for the Relief Fund program at the Hotel Plaza, this city. Miss Maitland was seen in "A Thousand Years Ago" last season and Miss Ballin has been appearing with the Washington Square Players

"I don't know whether we will return here. In my opinion you have a rather clearly defined American policy. You have your Belasco and your Winthrop Ames. You have your comedies such as 'It Pays to Advertise,' which I have seen. And you have your melodramas such as 'Kick In.' I do not know that you want the injection of a new personality or any especially individual methods.

"Whatever his field of activity my husband will continue to present Shaw plays. I agree with him absolutely in his attitude toward the work of that dramatist and philosopher. He is an intellectual but by no means a dramatic disciple of George Bernard Shaw. Neither Shaw nor his views shock him.

"But upon one point I would insist, in justice to my husband, did we return. That is that he should be permitted three years in which to work out his ideas. He could not do himself justice in less."

She suggested a number of productions in that time that fairly took my breath away. I gasped:

"Fifty plays in three years! That is unheard of. Do you want to die an early death?"

"No," smiled the calm Englishwoman. "But work is good for us. We rest by working. We have worked four years with only three weeks' rest. And we are both very well."

Ada Patterson.

Photo Hoover Art Co.

MISS ELSIE JANIS

This popular star, who is to be seen early next season in a new play, made her first appearance on the stage as Cain, a boy in "The Charity Ball," in 1897. Her first real hit was at the New York Theatre Roof Garden in "When We Were Forty-one," in imitations of favorite players. Since then she has had much success in "The Hoyden," "The Fair Co-ed," "The Slim Princess," "The Lady of the Slipper," etc., etc.

Exterior of the toy warehouse, No. 73 Hoxton Street

Mr. Pollock standing by a newly made toy theatre

The Original Toy Theatre

A visit to London's Celebrated Maker of Juvenile Playhouses made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson, Ellen Terry, C. H. Chesterton, Gordon Craig, and others

NOW and again one stumbles upon a survival of bygone stage glories that seems to owe its continuance to the love and loyalty of its adherents. In London last summer the present writer came upon such an one. Joy of the find was not lessened when I learned that famous footsteps had kept the stones to this particular shrine worn down.

I had been making a pilgrimage to one of Christopher Marlow's playhouses in the Shoreditch district, Old Town. This section, the Costerland of London, is the leading criminal quarter of England. Mindful of its unsavory reputation, I was scurrying down Hoxton Street when, at No. 73, next door to what had been the renowned "Adam and Eve," and only a step from the famous old "Brit," I came upon the shop of "B. Pollock, Maker of Juvenile Theatres." What a host of memories the name called forth, from Stevenson's raptures over the "penny plain and two-pence colored" to the crude cardboard constructions of my own youth! In the window was one of the very theatres of which I had read, with its brightly colored drops, its mediæval figures and sets, undimmed by time. I went inside to see if this could be the original magic warehouse for the Juvenile Drama.

A tinsel of a favorite tragedian

It was. Moreover, I found within Mr. Pollock himself among his treasures. He assured me that he was the Benjamin Pollock of Stevenson fame, son-in-law of Redington, and that he and his father-in-law between them had made and sold toy theatres in that same wee shop for upwards of seventy years. He was ingenuous in the frank delight with which he talked of his trade and exhibited his work.

Makers of toy theatres have never been numerous, he told me. The first, as far as can be ascertained, was Lloyd; then came the famous Skelt, of Swan Street, the Minories, when their popularity reached its height; and there were Marks, Jamison, West, Green, and a few others, but none, with the exception of Skelt, ranking with the workmanship and taste of Redington. Mr. Redington employed many assistants to help in the printing of the sheets and the text of the plays, in folding and cutting out the figures, and it was his daughter who superintended the work.

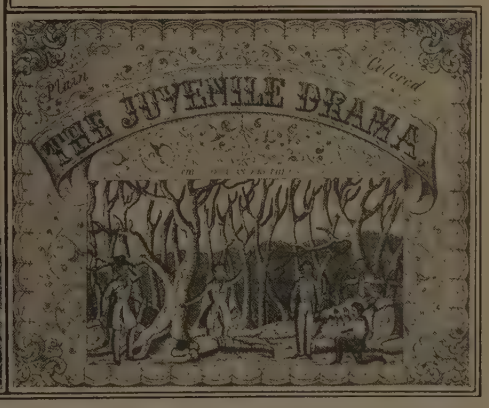
A tinsel of a popular hero of melodrama

"You can see what Mr. Craig has written about her," said Mr. Pollock, modestly preferring another's record of his entrance on the scene. He handed me this: "The one who excelled at this (art) was little Miss Redington. She was so delightful that she turned the heads of all the young men who worked for her papa. All the painters daubed, all the cutters cut their fingers—these latter on purpose that Miss Redington might bandage them with her own hands. At last one passionate admirer, realizing that if this sort of thing went on much longer the ancient and noble art of theatre-making would die out, seized the bull by the horns and demanded of Mr. Redington the hand of his daughter. This man was Benjamin Pollock, the only surviving master of the great school of ancient theatrical art. He married pretty Miss Redington, and in time changed the name of the shop from Redington to Pollock. He also changed the number from 208 to 73 Hoxton, and there it is to this day."

Mr. Pollock, appreciative of my interest, disappeared into some inner recess of curtains to reappear with—lest I fear he were

Drop scene of Redington's Toy Theatre

Picture of Mrs. S. Lane as Jacqueline (ready for tinsel) "The Corsican Brothers" in Redington's Juvenile Drama



Copyright Mishkin
RENE DETLING
Seen in "The Lilac Domino" now on tour

raising unreal ghosts—the death certificate of Mr. Redington and his own marriage license with the fair Eliza dated 1877. He next spoke of how he and his wife had worked together printing pasting, building, cutting the delightful cardboard pirates and brigands, monarchs and fair ladies, until, some twenty years ago, his wife had died, leaving him with his mimic stages and a large family of small offspring. "And what with eight young children to bring up, and me stages to make and me printing to do, I have been kept busy," he concluded, as he turned to initiate me into the intricacies of the trade.

The mechanism of the little stages is simple. There is a compact wooden framework that folds conveniently, there are the stout cardboard back-drops and wings, an ornate proscenium and a practical curtain that raises and lowers. Ellen Terry, who has owned several of the Pollock masterpieces, says of them: "I have no interest in the German toy stages which to-day are sometimes offered to us in place of the fine old English toys. I had one when I was a child; they were known as Redington's." With each stage comes a set of sheets, "plain or colored," according as your taste or purse permits. On these are printed the back-drops, sides and characters for the several acts of the plays. The sheets vary in number according to the needs of the play for which they are intended, from seven sheets for "The Daughter of the Regiment" to thirty-three for "The Forty Thieves," and twenty-seven for the pantomime of "Sleeping Beauty." For each play there is also a book of words, with dialogue and directions. A "penny plain" is an uncolored sheet, a "two-pence colored," not for him of the artist soul and thin purse, but for the convenience of the busy man of wealth is the sheet that has been printed in vivid, undying hues.

Next in interest to the stages themselves were the tinsel tragedians, examples of which art hung about the shop walls. A "tinsel" was a printed outline portrait of an actor or an actress that was bought by the theatregoer of the past century to be colored and decorated by hand. My host explained that the poorest of his customers would save their pennies to be able to evolve a tinsel of their favorite footlight hero. They would purchase first the outline portrait. The following week they would have saved enough to buy the tinsel paper, cut in shape that should be pasted over the dagger and give a flaming sword effect. There would follow, perhaps, a gilt boot, a silver helmet, until finally, hand-colored, struck about with shining strips of paper, bits of glass jewels, tufts of hair, of feathers, and other odds and ends, bedizened like the warriors of Japan, the subject stood in some regulation attitude of lightning-struck passion, glorified and resplendent.

"The pictures," Mr. Pollock added, "were fairly true to the originals, too true sometimes. An actor playing with the famous Mrs. Lane once came and asked me to change her face. He said he was making a tinsel of her, and she would not be satisfied unless it flattered her."

The gentle art of tinseling is no more. Occasionally one may find an ancestral tinsel on the walls of a cottage or of an old inn, but Mr. Pollock lamented, though he guards the old plates jealously, he sells only to collectors or those making a hobby of antiques. In 1888 he received an order from the British Museum for a full set of his tinsels, his plays and his playhouses. Their appearance in the museum evoked interest and effected a small increase of trade for the maker.

The toy theatre, created to provide children with miniature temples of imagination and delight, has practically lost its childish clientèle. In this day of moving picture shows, or circus parades and of innumerable ready-made attractions, the child rarely centres his attention on pastimes that require especial co-operation on his part. Yet the full charm that lurks in these small playhouses can only be sensed by those who "have known them in their earliest youth, have tasted the mastery over the miniature stages, had dominion over the Jolly Tars and the blood-thirsty Buccaneers."

No one has recorded his youthful enthusiasm over this toy so well as Stevenson. He tells us how he used to linger near the cherished shop, gloat over the alluring windows. "And then to go within, to announce yourself as an intending purchaser, and, closely watched, be suffered to undo those bundles and breathlessly devour those pages of gesticulating villains, epileptic combats, bosky forests, palaces and warships, frowning fortresses and prison vaults—it was a giddy joy. That shop, which was dark and smelt of Bibles, was a loadstone rock for all that bore the name of boy. They could not pass it by, nor, having entered, leave it. It was a place besieged; the shopmen, like the Jews rebuilding Salem, had a double task. They kept us at the stick's end, frowned us down, snatched each play out of our hand ere we were trusted with another; and, incredible as it may sound, used to demand of us upon our entrance, like banditti, if we came with money or with empty hand—and when at length the deed was done, the play selected, and the impatient shopman had brushed the rest into the gray portfolio, and the boy was set forth again, a little late for dinner—and "The Miller" or "The Rover" or some kindred drama clutched against his side—on what gay feet he ran and how he laughed aloud in exultation!"

The small shop on Hoxton Street has had many distinguished (*Continued on page 260*)

White MADGE SAUNDERS
Appearing as Daisy de Monthe in "To-night's the Night"

Copyright Moffett
LAURA COWIE
Appearing in Forbes-Robertson's company

Moffett
EDNA BATES
In "Chin-Chin" at the Globe Theatre

Patriotic Plays That Aroused the War Spirit in Europe

French chauvinistic dramas which did much to fan the fires of international bitterness and bring on the modern Armaggedon.

LITTLE by little theatrical life in Paris is reviving. Doors are ajar and they will not shut again, which proves that taste for the theatre is inborn among the French and never dies.

In spite of the public anxiety, the Comédie Française has a group of fervent worshippers gathered round the doors, and by a constant change of program the State theatre manages to retain its *clientèle*. Sardou's "Patrie" is going to be revived, but even the most applauded plays now-a-days cannot stand the glare of the footlights for more than five or six performances; if they are played more often receipts dwindle to nothing. It is a fact that the literary playgoer is just as much to the fore now as he ever was; that is perhaps another way of saying that he was never much in evidence in Paris. On the other hand, the theatres and moving picture houses that cater for a popular public at reduced prices are crowded to the doors; also the theatres that produce patriotic or chauvinistic plays; they must be coining money. This class of play, of which there was a deluge for three years prior to the was, has done much to put the French in a warlike humor, and if they did not have any direct influence in bringing matters to a crisis, they at least played a big part in provoking our friend the enemy and fanning the fires of hate. Take plays like "Servir," by Henri Lavedan; "La Flambée," by Kistemaeckers; "Cœur de Française," by MM. Bernède and Bruant, and "Alsace," by MM. Gaston Leroux and Lucien Camille. They all played with fire; all looked at a second Franco-German conflict from various angles. Of these, "La Flambée" and "Alsace" have been revived and are now scoring.

White KAY LAURELL AS LA PATRIE IN ZIEGFELD'S "MIDNIGHT FROLIC"

"Alsace" I saw for the second time recently. The first production took place on January 13, 1913, which, counted in time, is but yesterday, but in history years ago. Briefly the story is this: An Alsatian widow has been expelled from Alsace because of her husband's French sympathies; she has a grown-up son who performed his military service in the Germany army; Jacques is the name of the son. In the first act the woman returns to her Alsatian home after a number of years. Réjane plays the woman, and the part loses nothing from her handling of it. We learn that Jacques is in love with Marguerite, the daughter of a German family that live in the neighborhood. The whole of the act is taken up by Réjane's patriotic speeches and an appeal to her son not to marry a German. We see various phases of German rule in Alsace and hear what Alsatians have put up with there. An effective curtain is provided by a number of people singing the *Marseillaise* in hushed voices, with the shutters closed. In the next act Jacques has married the German girl and lives with his wife's parents, who are never tired of singing the praises of Germany. There are family bickerings about this and quarrels between Jacques' wife and mother. There are foolish but amusing caricatures of German types in this act. In the third and last act we are on the brink of war; the German army has been mobilized. A cleverly written scene between Jacques and his wife ends in the man going away to rejoin the German army. His mother comes in to know where he is. "Gone to do his duty," replies the wife triumphantly. There are cries without of "Down with France!" "Vive la France!" cries Jacques and gets shot. He totters back into the room and falls dead in his mother's arms. His wife goes to him, but the mother frustrates her, saying, "You can't have him now; he's mine." Curtain.

Now, remember this play was produced two years before this war. It is a picture of Alsace painted for a French Academy, those, like myself, who know the real Alsace and the sympathies of the Alsatian people know—but this, as Kipling remarks, is another story. The country of the play is a country that every Frenchman or woman will tell you belongs to France, if not in history at least in theory. Plays that were written round Alsace were constructed with the idea of exciting the war fever—heaping coals on the fires of hate and fanning the flames. How well they succeeded few know and fewer acknowledge.

"La Flambée," in lower key, preaches the same message as "Alsace." It deals with a traitor officer, State papers and a heroine who gets them back at the price of a thousand dangers. In "Servir," Lavedan unfurls the standard of a nobler mission. Colonel Eulin is a splendid type of French officer who has real counterparts in the French army, but at times "Servir" rants. There are other and better types of patriotic plays, thank goodness. Plays like "Destin est Maitre," by Paul Hervieu, preach the religion of honor without any attempt at exciting the dogs of war. So much for the French theatre in wartime. When the swords are at rest and the cannon cease to thunder, a new and better era will dawn for the French drama, of that I am convinced.

In the musical world matters are still quiet. For the past two months concerts have been recommenced, but there is little disposition shown to support them. It seems that the French public has no ears than for the music of the guns, but music forms a large part of the *esprit* of the French nation, and it would be a thousand pities if the muse were to be neglected, even at the present moment, which is perhaps not the best chosen one for criticism.

The theatres where light opera is the fare are suffering from anemia, because the best blood is in the trenches, but this is no reason why the most mediocre works in their *répertoire* should be chosen for representation. Surely, if a cast can be brought together at all, it could be used for producing something newer and better, for in light opera it is not always the old that is the best. It is strange that operas which created such a furore two years ago, "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Merry Widow," "The Girl in the Taxi" (Chaste Suzanne), and "The Count of Luxembourg," should be placed on the Index. The same applies to the concerts, where German and Austrian music is beyond the pale. Surely music knows no frontiers? But the French are a nation of children with hearts of gold. Nevertheless, it would be a great pity if the works of the master musicians of the world should be cast into outer darkness.

HARRY J. GREENWALL.

"My First Lines"

NO matter how popular your stage favorite, there was a time when he or she was unknown, a time when this luminary made a first appearance before the footlights in fear and trembling. To many of us this hardly seems possible to-day, as we watch our favorite dramatic stars saunter about the stage quite as though they were there first and the stage setting had been built around them as a sort of afterthought. It is interesting to know just what sort of parts they had at the very beginning, just what they said, how old they were and all about it. In our last issue many of the stars answered these interesting questions for the benefit of THEATRE MAGAZINE readers. This month we give the replies of others, including the entire Cohan family:

White Jerry Cohan

White Helen Cohan

Josephine Cohan

George M. Cohan

"White folks, am you gazin' at this bale of cotton?"

"It was fifty-six years ago this coming summer that I spoke my first line on the stage," said Jerry Cohan. "I was eleven years old at the time, which, to be exact, was July 3, 1859. My appearance was made in the Juvenile Minstrel Company, which played on that date in Place-Goodrich Hall, Springfield, Mass."

"Sure I can't tell one from the other."

"I spoke those words, my first on the stage, two years before Georgie was born," laughed Mrs. Cohan, "and I am proud to say that the show, 'The Two Barneys,' was written by my husband. The date was September 27, 1874. At that time I was business manager and treasurer of the company."

"I'll give you an imitation."

"I was eight years old when I made my first appearance on the professional stage," said George M. Cohan. It was in the Town Hall in Haverstraw, Mass., in September, 1886. I was with my father and mother and sister in the Daniel Boone Company." It wasn't so long after this before "Little Georgie" didn't have to give imitations, but left it for a great army of imitators to "fat their acts" by giving an imitation of George M. Cohan.

"The Indians all loved Daniel Boone."

Mr. Cohan's sister, Josephine, was with him in the Daniel Boone Company when she spoke her first lines. Even at that early age the little girl was a good stage musician, but the above were the first lines in any part she had ever spoken.

White
Douglas Fairbanks

"Yes, your Eminence."

"I was playing the part of François in 'Richelieu' when I spoke my first lines," said Mr. Fairbanks. "I had just left college and disappointed all my people, none of whom are theatrical, by announcing my determination to go on the stage. My first appearance was in Ford's Opera House in Baltimore in September, 1901. The star was Frederick Warde. I think I worked harder to get my few lines in that play than I have at any other time since."

Richard Carle

"The tailor says he must have his bill or he won't return your trousers, sir."

"I had just reached my twenty-first year when I dazzled myself—and no one else—by speaking my first lines on the professional stage," declared Richard Carle. "It happened in Brockton, Mass., on September 22, 1892. The name of the play was 'A Mad Bargain.' It appeared at the Academy Theatre and James T. Powers was the star. The next year I was supporting Mr. Powers and Peter F. Dailey in 'A Straight Tip.'"

Marie Dressler

"Oh, gee!"

"Those were my first lines in public," said Marie Dressler; "they were spoken in a city in Canada. As for the date, call it the early Victorian period, and let it go at that. I was billed as the child prodigy and was performing a piano solo at the age of four, when my fingers got tangled up and I spoke my first lines. I really improvised them. They brought me the first laugh I ever got on the public stage.

Mishkin
Edith Taliaferro

"I wish I wore pants!"

"I can't say that there was very much romance or any sweetly solemn thought in the first lines I ever spoke in public," declared Edith Taliaferro, "but I shall always remember them, because to me my first appearance was a most important event. I appeared in 'Shore Acres' with James A. Herne when I was eleven years old. We opened in September, 1896, in McVicker's Theatre in Chicago with great success."

White
Raymond Hitchcock

"Forward, march, boys!"

"I spoke those thrilling words with all the ardor possible when I was eighteen years old. I was singing in the chorus of that comic opera, 'The Brigand'" explained Raymond Hitchcock. His first appearance was in the South Broad Theatre in Philadelphia in September, 1889. He was engaged by William T Carlton, the comic opera star.

Matzene
Julia Dean

"Oh, Rip, dance with me!"

"I was a very little girl and a very proud little girl," said Julia Dean, "when, on October 7, 1897, I made my first appearance on the professional stage in the Jefferson Theatre at Portland, Maine. I was with Joseph Jefferson, and by reading my first line it is hardly necessary to mention that the name of the play was 'Rip Van Winkle.'" Miss Dean has been successful this season in "The Law of the Land."

Boughton
Granville Barker

"Aye, aye, sir."

"I was very proud of my sailor suit when, as one of the sailors in 'Ben, the Boatman,' I spoke my first lines on the professional stage in the Theatre Royal in Margate, England. This was in April, 1891." Mr. Barker was only fourteen years of age when he spoke his first line. He was born in London in 1877. Six months after that he appeared with Charles Hawtrey at the Comedy Theatre and in the provinces.

Strauss-Peyton
Margaret Illington

"Let me go, knaves, let me go!"

"I made my professional début playing in small parts in 'The Pride of Jennico,'" said Margaret Illington. "My first appearance was at the Criterion Theatre in New York City on September 3, 1900. James K. Hackett was the star of the company." Miss Illington was nineteen years old when she spoke her first line, and although she had a very small part at that time, in less than four years she had become leading woman.

Photos Paul Thompson
Robert Edwards

Frances Paine Robert Locker
In "The Shepherd in the Distance," by Holland Hudson

Josephine Meyer Ethel Howard
In John Reed's play, "Moondown"

The Washington Square Players

THERE are few managers on Broadway who would under any conditions attempt what the Washington Square Players are now doing at their little Bandbox Theatre on Fifty-seventh Street. To present unusual plays having no box office appeal from the strictly commercial point of view, and to try to make a success of the venture without the aid of a stock company of well-trained professionals, would seem the height of managerial madness. Yet this is just what Mr. Goodman, the director of this interesting theatrical experiment, has been doing successfully for the past two months In the few short weeks they have been at the Bandbox the Washington Square Players have made themselves felt. In this most discouraging of all theatrical seasons they are slowly gaining foothold with the intelligent theatre-going public. Perhaps the greatest secret of their success lies in the fact that the key-note of the organization is co-operation. Every one is doing his or her little share, and, what is more important, every one is doing it voluntarily and only because they like to do it.

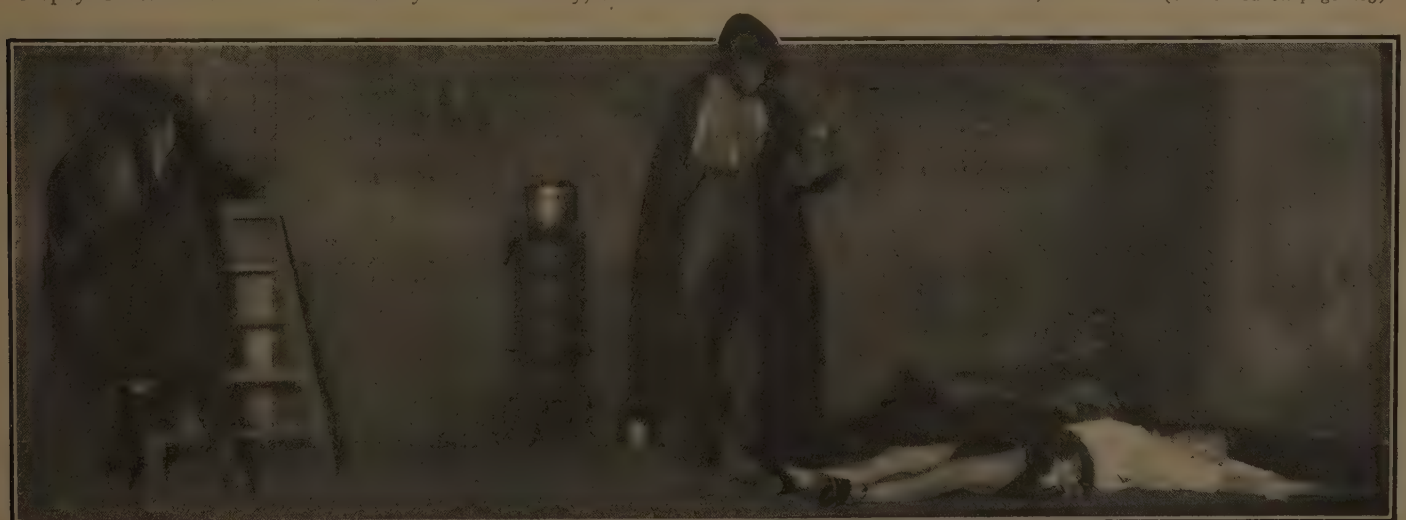
Josephine Meyer
As Mame in "Moondown"

The most pretentious play in the number of performers of their latest bill was a one-act play with twenty-eight characters by Leonid Andreyev, entitled "Love of One's Neighbor." The author goes to great trouble to prove that one's love for his neighbor is superficial, and that one's most cherished gratification would be to see a man fall from a balloon, or, as in this case, be dashed to death from a perilous footing on a mountain ledge. Assuming that the Russian dramatist's philosophy is not to be taken too seriously or too broadly, the little play might pass as a bit of casual satire. Visitors at a watering place are at first interested in and concerned about a man who is seen, off stage, in danger of falling from a ledge of a mountain. They question him and give all sorts of advice. They become so wrought up that the innkeeper assures them that there was no danger, and that the affair was a diversion prepared for them. They become indignant. They have been imposed upon. The play was intended by the author, no doubt, as a trifle. It was played too ponderously; but from no point of view was it worth the while.

"Two Blind Beggars and One Less Blind," by Philip Moeller, was more to the purpose, in that it was dramatic, in the same sense and ways that all other dramatic plays are dramatic. Two blind beggars sorting rags in their cellar find, by the sense of touch, a dollar bill, fight over its possession in the half-lit room and succeed one in throttling the other. A less blind beggar comes into the cellar with a girl, by chance picks up the bill and lights it at the fire in order to see better.

In "Moondown," by John Reed, two girls, of the kind that must find employment in order to live honestly, have a talk in their lodging-house room. One of them has chosen the easier way, her companion comes in and tells of an expected meeting, at moondown, with a man who means well by her. The man does not come. The younger girl will follow the advice of the more experienced one.

"The Shepherd in the Distance," by Holland Hudson, a Romance in Black and White, (*Continued on page 263*)



SCENE IN PHILIP MOELLER'S PLAY, "TWO BLIND BEGGARS AND ONE LESS BLIND" AT THE BANDBOX THEATRE

To Abolish Cut Rate Theatre Tickets

THE article published in our last issue under the heading, "Theatre Tickets at Cut Rates," had the effect of shrapnel fire on the leading theatre managers. The article, it will be recalled, told how specially printed coupons or tickets entitling the holder to seats for current plays at one-half the regular box office price were being distributed broadcast in shops, drygoods stores, schools, etc., all over the city, the evident object being to fill empty theatres at any price. That this method was most unbusiness-like was apparent on its face. It is manifestly unfair to the regular patron of the theatre to charge him $2 for a seat which another man can buy for $1. This is what Charles Frohman thinks about the matter. Directly he read the THEATRE MAGAZINE article, that manager issued the following vigorous statement:

"I never criticise the work of other managers. I am kept too busy criticising my own. Every manager should work out his policy in his own way. But the time has come when I do feel bound to utter, not a criticism, but a warning against a system that is practiced in many local theatres—a system which, if not stopped and stopped quickly, will continue to spread until it has brought disgrace upon the theatres of New York. I cry out against this system—not because I do not happen to practice it—but because I cannot believe that my fellow-managers who do practice it fully realize the disastrous results that will come of such a deluding policy.

"The practice I refer to is the selling of cut-rate theatre tickets. This is a sin in theatre management which condemns itself on three counts. It is certain to end fatally for every manager, because it means dishonesty toward the authors who write the plays, dishonesty toward the public which pays to see plays, and in the end dishonesty on the part of those managers who corrupt their box offices by turning them over to cut-rate ticket agencies.

"If to these agencies are given tickets with normal prices printed on them, and then these tickets are sold at cheap prices, there can be no question that all such managers tempt their box office employees into dishonesty. Nothing is more simple than for the box office men to sell the tickets at normal prices and report them sold at cheap prices. It will be said in answer to this that there is a method of checking up the number of cut-rate tickets. But I know it is impossible—and all cut-rate managers know that it is impossible—honestly to conduct any box office in which any ticket can be sold for a price different from that printed on it. To give a box office employee the opportunity to bargain over the price of every ticket is to corrupt that employee.

"Wherever this practice exists the playwright must lose a share of his royalties on every ticket whose printed price is cut. This is an evil in theatre management that, so far as I know, has never been chargeable against the theatre in America until now. The receipts due the playwright have always been held sacred. Therefore, it is time for all playwrights to rise in a united protest against the practice that is depriving them of their just earnings.

"If any manager wishes to sell his best tickets for $1, let him do so; but let him also sell at that price to everybody, and then the author will know his right share of the box office takings. But to sell some of the best tickets for $2, and others equally good for $1—so that the man who has paid $2 for a seat has for a neighbor one who has only paid a dollar—is sheer fraud to the theatre-going public as well as to the playwright.

"I am sure that all managers are certain to come to this realization, that is, all managers who do not wish to place themselves in the position of abetting fraud. I am sure all managers must and will join me in stamping out this degrading system that cannot but blacken the good name of our theatre everywhere—that takes money out of the pockets of the workmen who by their pens give the theatre whatever it has to speak and to act.

"My cry is one of warning—that we may escape the day, as in Paris, when playwrights will have to put watchers in the box offices that they may not be cheated out of their earnings. It was in Paris, before the present war, that the theatres, even the best, were sinking to a terrible state from the practice of the very system that is now spreading in New York. Ticket scalpers infested the streets about every theatre, so that as you approached any Paris theatre throngs of cut-rate scalpers attempted to rush you to stores where you could bargain for tickets. The entire group of French authors had organized themselves into a rebellion when the war came and closed the theatres.

"I appeal to every American manager—if we do not unite on any other ground, let us stand together for reasons of common sense, if for no higher reasons, and rid our theatres of this deluding system that cannot continue without corrupting everybody concerned."

Photo White Otto Kruger Helen Holmes Howard Hall
SCENE IN CHARLES SUMNER'S PLAY "THE NATURAL LAW" AT THE REPUBLIC

On April 1st a meeting of managers was held in the Hotel Astor to consider the matter. Those present were: A. L. Erlanger, Marc Klaw, George M. Cohan, Sam H. Harris, Alf Hayman, C. B. Dillingham, A. H. Woods, L. J. Anhalt, Crosby Gaige, William Harris, Charles Burnham, and W. G. Smythe. Certain other theatres were not represented. Resolutions were passed at the meeting to the effect that the practice of cutting rates was detrimental to the best interests of the theatre, and should be abolished. At the meeting was read the following letter from David Belasco:

"I regret that rehearsals in Boston will prevent my attendance. The cut-rate ticket evil requires heroic measures, and should be handled accordingly. It is nothing more or less than the cancer of the theatre, and some way must be devised to remedy it. I am willing to co-operate with you in any measure you adopt to relieve the situation. For want of a better plan I suggest that the managers who treat their patrons fairly and who honestly keep to their scale of prices, using all alike, advertise the fact widely, so the public will know which houses adhere to the $2 scale, and which houses make the man who doesn't know pay $2 and then turn around and sell seats in the same relative location for $1 or less to the man who knows how to go about it. If the public in general can be made acquainted with the houses that have a double or triple standard of prices, those people who are willing to pay $2 will be protected from being obliged to pay that price at houses which charge one man $2 and another man $1. This idea in itself wouldn't cure the trouble, perhaps, but it might be a part of the general plan. "DAVID BELASCO."

When this matter of cut-rate tickets is satisfactorily settled it will be well to go after those managers who still encourage the practice of taking the best seats out of the box office to the prejudice of regular theatre patrons who do not get a chance at them, and selling them in the hotels at a prohibitive premium.

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Leo Ditrichstein now appearing in the Star revival of "Trilby" as Zou Zou, a part which he created says:

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Leo Ditrichstein

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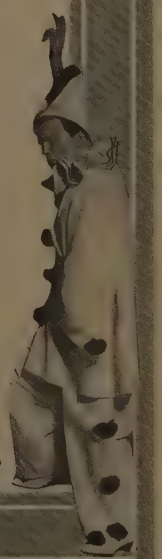
5



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1, 2, 4, 6, *Leo Ditrichstein as Sacha, the diplomat, the general, the opera singer in "The Phantom Rival."* 3. *"The Concert," Photos White.* 5. *As Zou Zou, Photo Sarony*

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SAMUEL KNOPF

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The Original Toy Theatre

(*Continued from page 256*)

visitors besides Ellen Terry, who applause we have noted. There have been Justin McCarty. C. H. Chesterton, Gordon Craig and Mr. Pollack says he thinks Dickens must, from certain references in his books, have at least entered the shop. "In England," says Mr. Craig, "we possess the best of Toy Theatres and the worst of grown-up theatres." Mr. Craig has been the purchaser of some eight or nine of the little stages, utalizing them in developing his ideas for the realms of the Olympians, and, in a recent number of *The Mask*, we find him quoting the following significant passage from Goethe: "He who would work for the stage should leave nature in her proper place and take careful heed not to have recourse to anything but what may be performed by children with puppets upon boards and laths, together with sheets of cardboard and linen."

The visit of Mr. Chesterton and his wife to the shop was a memorable one for Old Town. The worthy critic was engaged in examining the neat mechanism of the toy stages when several boys, attracted on their way from school by the unusual presence of an automobile at the curb, invaded the shop. Thinking to be rid of them, Mr. Chesterton tossed them some pennies. The act was suicidal. In a twinkling the word was passed and, from every alley, from every side street, came hordes of children. They besieged the shop, crowded the sidewalk, filled the street. In self defense and with peril to their well-being. the Chestertons were forced to flee.

The world goes hurrying on. Wars are being waged, men are being killed, yet at 73 Hoxton Street, Mr. Pollack, as oblivious of the tumult of nations as though its crimsoned floods were not washing by his very door, sits patiently printing and pasting a troop of fairy folk for his House of Play. "The world was plain before I knew him, a poor penny world, but soon it was all colored with romance." The shop of Juvenile Drama will never be without its patrons. There will always be those who talk about it with a smile, recall a visit with half-remembered curiosity and affection, and those others who, escaping some hour from the thronged thoroughfares, shall find their entry into the enchanted world of plain or colored romance, plunge into a cardboard Eden and so relive their childhood dreams.

VIRGINIA CHURCH.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

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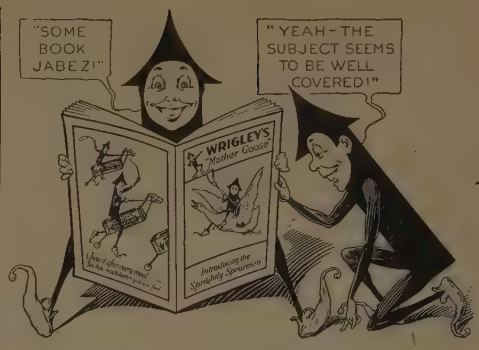
Big Fortunes Made in Filmland

(*Continued from page 246*)

But Zukor's fame to-day rests not on his operations as an exhibitor, rather is he referred to as the man who immortalized the actor. About three years ago he conceived the idea of establishing a film concern that would perpetuate the artistry of the world's greatest players and also provide everlasting film records of plays of other days. Realizing that such a project required the prestige of some influential figure of theatredom whose artistic productivity would alone be a guarantee of what the Famous Players Flm Company really stood for, Daniel Frohman was approached by Zukor and the two quickly came to an agreement.

The first release of the Famous Players was indeed illustrative of a new era in filmdom. Sarah Bernhardt, who had been tempted into the film studio twice previously, receiving $30,000 for each portrayal before the camera, was selected by Zukor and Frohman as the most representative artist in all the world to reveal the Famous Players policy. The films of the divine Sarah in "Queen Elizabeth" created an epoch in filmdom. Since then Zukor has stopped at nothing in the effort to expand and uplift. Mrs. Fiske, Bertha Kalich, James K. Hackett, Cecelia Loftus, and a score or more of stellar figures of theatredom, capitulated to the camera man's lure in 1912-13.

Charles Frohman was wont to laugh at brother Daniel's change of artistic environment, but Daniel stopped producing for the stage, even turning over to Charles his Lyceum Theatre that he might give all his attention to the studio productions. In two years Daniel has seen the growth of the new film company assume gigantic proportions. Meanwhile, the stage producers from New York's theatre zone were capitulating. Brady, the Shuberts, D. V. Arthur, Jessy Lasky, Henry W. Savage, George W. Lederer and even the heads of the so-called Theatrical Syndicate—Klaw and Erlanger—began to produce for the screen. Finally Charles Frohman, no longer skeptical, has turned over to the Famous Players Film Company a mine of theatrical successes of



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Books Received

THE THEATRE OF IDEAS. By Henry Arthur Jones. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Company.

JESUS: A PASSION PLAY. By Max Ehrmann. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

HOW TO SEE A PLAY. By Richard Burton. New York: Macmillan Company.

MAKERS OF MADNESS. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: Macmillan Company.

CHILDREN OF EARTH. By Alice Brown. Illus. New York: Macmillan Company.

PLASTER SAINTS. By Israel Zangwill. New York: Macmillan Company.

POSSESSION. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

THE CONTINENTAL DRAMA OF TO-DAY. By Barrett H. Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS. Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

AMERICAN PAGEANTRY. By Ralph Davol. Illustrated. Taunton, Mass.: Davol Publishing Company.

WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE. By John Parker. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

WHO'S WHO IN MUSIC. By H. Saxe Wyndham and Geoffrey L'Epine. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE. By Edward Sheldon. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan Company.

DAWN. By Percival Wilde. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

HOW TO PRODUCE CHILDREN'S PLAYS. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

ACROSS THE BORDER. By Beulah Marie Dix. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

PARSIVAL. By Gerhard Hauptmann. Authorized translation by Oakley Williams. New York: Macmillan Company.

The Washington Square Players

(*Continued from page 259*)

is a pantomime of the Pierrot kind, in white faces, very clever, fanciful, delicate and done in a professional way.

The members of this interesting dramatic experiment are all enthusiasts of the theatre. Edward Goodman, the director, is the author of "En Déshabillé," presented with considerable success last season at the Princess Theatre. He is an excellent stage manager. Philip Moeller, author of "Two Blind Beggars and One Less Blind" has had several plays presented by the Socialist Press Club. Mr. Eliot who produced the Andreyev play is a grandson of President Elliott of Harvard and played at one time with the Horniman Players at Manchester, England. Lately he has been stage manager for Mr. Winthrop Ames. Ralph Roeder, who plays George in "Two Blind Beggars," is a poet by profession. His characterization in the Andreyev play is scarcely less remarkable than his performance in "Interior."

M. M.

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New Victor Records

Two new Caruso records are charming French songs, beautifully given by the tenor. "Love's Haunting" is a solo, and a new Leoncavalo number. "The Two Serenades," is effectively rendered with violin obbligato played by Mischa Elman in masterly style. A Gluck-Zimbalist combination puts a new touch to the "Old Folks at Home." Mme. Gluck sings it exquisitely, while the clever arrangement made by Zimbalist skilfully weaves the Dvorak "Humoresque" into the violin accompaniment. Julia Culp delights with her lovely singing of the favorite "At Parting," and Sophie Braslau sings the "Swedish Love Song" with exquisite expression.

Emmy Destinn sings the charming Schubert "Cradle Song" with great beauty of tone, and Margarete Ober presents an admirable rendition of Beethoven's "I Love Thee." Two Irish ballads, "Mavis" and "Mourneen," are brilliantly given by John McCormack and the latter number is of particular interest because it was with "Mourneen" that McCormack began his public career as a singer at the contest at Athlone in 1902. Giovanni Martinelli is heard to advantage in a popular Mascagni "Serenade." *Advt.*

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Revivals and New Plays

(*Continued from page 230*)

Du Maurier's story wears well. True, we are no longer Trilby mad. Hypnotism to-day is no more a novelty, a dreaded occult power to marvel at. Yet the play still holds one. The big-hearted Taffy, the jovial Laird, the sentimental Little Billee hold the same warm place in our affections, and even the saturnine Svengali, charlatan as we know him to be, is as fascinating a character and exercises as magnetic a spell on the audience as ever. It is a splendid revival which Joseph Brooks and the Messrs. Shubert have given the play. No expense has been spared to assemble a cast, in every way equal, if not superior, to the original. Wilton Lackaye once more appears as the sinister Svengali, a remarkable performance that has lost none of its old time force and thrill. Burly and genial Burr McIntosh is again the inimitable Taffy and Leo Ditrichstein repeats his performance of the little French Zouave, which first brought him recognition on Broadway.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry who plays the title rôle, makes a beautiful, statuesque Trilby and in the concert scene her trained voice permits of her singing, under Svengali's hypnotic leadership, in full view of the audience, instead of off stage as before. This is a distinct gain to the interest of the scene and Miss Terry fully deserved the warm applause that greeted her vocal efforts. Otherwise her Trilby leaves one cold. It is haughty and aloof, entirely lacking in the charm, spontaneity, and innocent girlish abandon that endeared Trilby O'Ferral to the three musketeers. In the final death scene the English actress misses, for this same reason, much of the pathos of the scene. George MacFarlane is admirable as the Laird and Taylor Holmes makes a temperamental Gecko.

PALACE. Madame Kalich has been appearing at the Palace in a little play by Ossip Dymow entitled "The Victim." It answers the purpose in that it gives the distinguished actress opportunities to display her qualities in a quick succession of dramatic moments. The tragic and melodramatic happenings pass rapidly before us in about fifteen minutes. Within that time a husband doubts the love of his wife; in his absence she defends her honor against an impulsive suitor, killing him with a pistol shot in the dark, accidentally if you choose; the husband returns, discovers the killing, believes or professes to believe that his wife has been unfaithful with a trusted friend, and contrives to have it appear that this man, who is willing to assume the guilt in order to save the wife, is the murderer. It is pure melodrama, its performance justified rather by the artistic merits of Madame Kalich, no other short play being available, than any significance of its own.

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New Columbia Records

At a time when all thoughts are turned toward war suffering in Europe and when, Americans especially, are rising so splendidly to the call for help through various channels, by far the most interesting musical event of the day is the singing of a record by Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, daughter of the President of the United States, and the presentation of her royalties from the sale of this record by Miss Wilson to the cause of the army of continental war victims.

Not only does everyone purchasing this record of "The Star-Spangled Banner" coupled with a band medley of patriotic airs assist the relief work abroad, but they come into possession of a beautifully sung record of the First Song of the Land—a song that should be in every American home.

Pablo Casals, the master of the 'cello, has new added recordings—"Adagio" from Concerto in D Minor by Tartini and "Romanza" by Campagnoli.

The ukulele or Hawaiian guitar is a stringed instrument within almost human voice tone. In combination with the Hawaiian singing the most beautiful and unusual effects are achieved. The Columbia Graphophone Company have produced some remarkably beautiful Hawaiian melodies of which the two just placed on the market make probably their best success to date.

Miss Felice Lyne is a remarkable young American singer who made her operatic début in the London Opera House. Before leaving for Australia, where she now is, Miss Lyne made her first recording with the Columbia Company and her singing of Sanderson's "Spring's Awakening" and Marshall's "A Dream Fancy" are artistic to the last degree. *Advt.*

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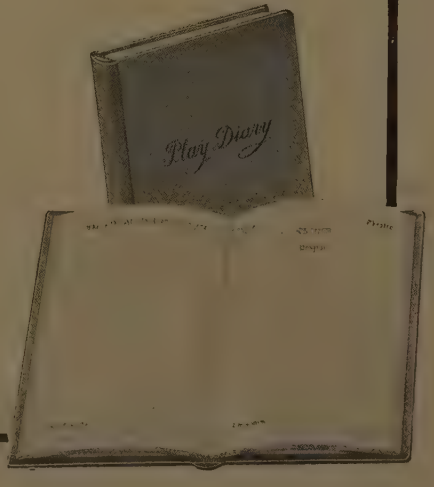

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Clothes Seen On The Stage

"I'm 42nd St., and Broadway" she said—

I WAXED quite poetic the other night at "Sinners," where I went to see the frocks of Miss Brady and Miss Nash, over the lines in the blue suit which the latter was wearing as Polly. They were so exactly right that a hair's breadth deviation either way would have spoiled them. I murmured to myself:

"Oh, the little more and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!"

Next day I went back of the scenes to see if I might get a nearer survey of Miss Nash in the suit. She was just preparing to go on in the second act and inclined to take an entirely practical and unpoetical view of herself.

"I'm 42nd Street and Broadway," she said, assuming that same delicious attitude as in the picture here reproduced, and further explained, "You see all of us Pollies are copying Mrs. Castle nowadays. The minute I come on in the second act the audience greets me with a laugh, they so exactly recognize the type—hair, Scotch cap and all." All of which, of course, was true and a far enough cry from Browning and the eighteenth century, and yet did not invalidate in any way the lines of the suit, or take away the fact of the individual touch Miss Nash gives to the wearing of it. And if you want to see what part a pair of infinitesimal and perfectly booted feet can play in the scheme of a costume you have absolutely to go to Miss Nash.

A little dancing frock of blue taffeta, with inch wide stripes of white satin.

"Do you depend on Paris for your clothes?" I asked her.

"Not particularly," replied the small lady. "I depend almost entirely on mother. When I want a certain effect I go to my mother and tell her about it, and she and the dressmaker fix me up. When I was playing in stock my mother had charge of all my clothes. She would go to the director on Monday and say: 'What does Florence want for next week?' and then I never saw the stuff till the opening night of the new bill. That's the reason I believe I learned so much from stock. You can't when you have to keep bothering about clothes all the time."

STYLE AND CHARACTER ACTING

The maid came to say it was nearing the moment for Miss Nash's cue, and as the latter drew on a pair of smart black and white gloves and prepared to depart she said: "You know as I'm a character ingénue—they get around it by calling me a comédienne—I'm not supposed to have to go in very much for style. But look," she was half-way out the door but came back to thrust a magazine into my lap, point to a picture and add: "They've just named a pair of collars and cuffs after me, and now I'm in a class with Beau Brummel, so why worry?"—and was off, leaving me for solace the closer inspection of the evening gown from Madame Francis, which she wears in the first act. It well repaid inspection. For lovely as Miss Nash looks in the frock, the exquisite detail of it was most interesting to see at close hand—the beading and embroidery of baby ribbons in shades of pinks and greens, purples and oranges on the tunic, (that ribbon embroidery should be a hint for someone), and the scalloped lace under the petticoat trimmed with pink chiffon rosebuds and twists of blue baby ribbon.

A suit whose lines and blue gabardine are quite similar to those of Miss Nash's—

Then Miss Alice Brady had a wait of a few minutes and I was enabled to get her point of view on clothes.

"Do you like them in the first place?" I asked.

"I like them very much," she responded quickly in that individual voice of hers that is so sweet and yet at the same time so resonant as to give an emphatic touch to what she says. "But I have fittings and plannings and so I buy models almost entirely and have them suited to me. I like the Paris models particularly Jenny and Cheruit."

Miss Brady was wearing at the time the little voile frock, dotted in blue, which, with its dark blue moiré girdle and big butterfly bow in the back is a beautiful example of what effects can sometimes be gained by simple means. "The bow belonged to a last year's Bendel frock," Miss Brady explained as I particularly examined and admired it. "You see, for the part of Mary it can't look too new."

"What a lot there is for you actresses to think about in choosing your stage clothes, beside the mere beauty and becomingness of a frock, isn't there?" I said.

"Indeed there is," assented Miss Brady, "but it's nothing to what one has to think of in moving pictures, in which I've done so much work. There you have not only to think of the line and the suitability and picturesqueness of your clothes, but also to consider how the color will photograph. In a long feature, for instance, where many changes of gowns are called for one must remember to alternate a light with a dark frock and so on, in order that one may not seem to be wearing the same frock throughout a series of months and years."

One of the most charming gowns shown in the Gimbel Spring Promenade.

Here the bell called Miss Brady, but not before she had time to show me the details of the gown she is wearing in the picture on this page. This is a personal frock, by the way. And it is of fine black net over flesh-colored satin, the tucked skirt veiled still further with an over-dress in deep points, tacked here and there, with the black and white bead passementerie gleaming through. Aren't the wing sleeves of net with the jet tassels peculiarly good? Miss Brady said the fur piece worn with it was red fox and that the black hat came from Bendel. It makes a delightful combination, hein? (*Continued on page 270*)

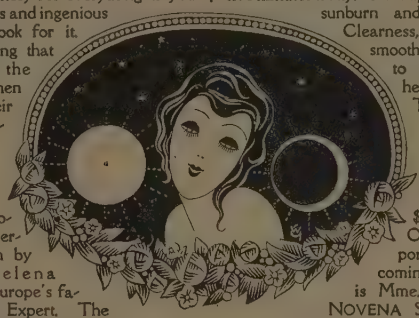
A tailleur of good line worn by Miss Brady in "Sinners."

Kleinert's Dress Shields

Every new garment shown in the Fashionable New York shops must be worn with Dress Shields.

The GEM

. . . . Fair As The Moon



PROBABLY every good thing that ever befell the world was prophesied somewhere. Which is to say that you can find prophesy for everything if you are industrious and ingenious enough to look for it. The best thing that ever befell the world of women who love their beauty is unquestionably VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN-FOOD, introduced to American women by Madame Helena Rubinstein, Europe's famous Beauty Expert. The Valaze complexion is inimitable for purity and charm. Its appeal is world-wide and compelling. The loveliest women of Paris, London, Vienna and Petrograd have it. They do not have to "put it on" in the morning; in the morning they are fresh and charming as at high noon. Their fairness is proverbial amongst those who do not know Valaze. You cannot mistake them once you are in the secret. And here we have Solomon singing: "Who is she that looketh forth at the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun?"

One need go no further to find a prophecy for the Valaze complexion.

This rare preparation, the invention of a Russian specialist, Dr. Lykuski, yields to the skin active stimulation and skin-beauty, insuring at the same time freedom from lines, and other similar defects. The use of Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, to produce the benefit for which it is so justly famed, does not make a greater demand on your time than from two to five minutes a day. It stamps out freckles, sunburn and sallowness. Clearness, softness and smoothness are made to last with the help of Valaze. The price per pot is $2.25 and $6.00. Sample pots, sufficient for 6 weeks' use, $1.25.

Of equal importance with the coming of the spring is Mme. Rubinstein's NOVENA SUNPROOF CREME, which is unique in this, that it prevents—please note the word *prevents*—freckles and sunstains by virtue of its peculiar chemical qualities which make it impossible for those particular sunrays that are the cause of freckles to take effect on the skin. By rubbing a little of this cream into the skin before going out of doors one is enabled to go out riding, motoring, yachting, golfing, gardening or sea-bathing, and to return home with the complexion none the worse for the exposure. In pots at $1.00, $2.00 and $5.00.

A copy of Madame Rubinstein's well-known booklet "Beauty in the Making," from the original French *Comment se fait la Beauté*, will be sent on application enclosing a 2-cent stamp for postage and mentioning *Theatre*. It deals with the correction of complexion defects and gives a full list and description of Mme. Rubinstein's specialties.

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TRADE MARK

Chins and Beauty

Mrs. Adair's "Ganesh" Beauty Box that is worth its weight in complexion.

ABOUT a year ago I became very much interested in under-chins as a true test of age. It came, I think, from studying the faces around New York and wondering why in a given instance a woman with youthful figure a fresh unwrinkled skin and clear eyes still failed to put across the age she was visibly trying to impersonate. After puzzling for some time I chanced the conclusion that the thick, heavy look a double chin gives to the face was responsible for the failure. My interest grew to a small hobby, then became a conviction. I went around taking tests for age on every strange chin I encountered. "Ah," I said when I saw some smartly dressed and well-made-up woman, "she looks young to be sure. But she is not fooling us, as she imagines, into marking her at twenty-six. We are wise. We have looked at her chin and know she is nearer thirty-five." I stretched my own chin high lest I be caught in the same net.

As I entered Mrs. Adair's, on Fifth Avenue, the other day, one elevator up, my eye lighted on a wax head bound up with a chin strap. My interest in the place was immediate. Someone here quite evidently laid the same emphasis on chins in the scheme of beauty that I did. But a someone who had gone more practically into the subject than I and seen to it that there should be a means for their retention.

"Don't you agree with me?" I said to the young Englishwoman in charge (you see I knew she must be young because—well, I've just been telling you) after holding forth for several minutes on my hobby. "Oh, but of course we do," she laughed. "Some people say the eyes show the age, but it's not really so. The true test is the chin, the contour. I always look first at the contour. And," she waved toward the wax head, "that's what we're here for! Moreover, you know there are two kinds of double chins. (I hadn't gone in for differentiation.) One where there is a real fold of flesh added, and one where the muscles of the neck and cheek have sagged and become stringy. We have a strap adapted to each kind of chin, a muscle oil that goes with it, and anyone who is at all persistent in their use can face the world confident that she looks no older than she feels."

Of course, you must understand in all this that the double chin is only the *ultimate* test. I don't mean to say, for instance, that if you let your skin go to pieces, or neglect your hair or eyes, that the most perfect chin line in the world would save you. One must keep up all the ends of beauty culture in the incessant assiduity for the preservation of youth. And Mrs. Adair has what I thought a very neat idea—Japanned boxes fitted with the requisite preparations for home treatments and made up to suit the needs of each individual, provided they are known in advance.

In the salon treatment itself there are several unique features: one, what is known as "strapping"—Mrs. Adair's term invented for her own modified form of massage—to brace up the muscles of the face; another, the use of electricity in a manner also of her own origination. There is a special treatment for the quick assuaging of the automobile eye. There is in fact a treatment for every ill the face is heir to.

"Mrs. Adair is then a real person," I asked, "and not just a name?" "Indeed she is," said the young Englishwoman. "Very much so, an Irishwoman. But as she has establishments in London and Paris, as well as New York, she has to butter her time over the three as best she may. At present she is in London."

"How long have you been here on Fifth Avenue?" I asked curiously as I went out. "Twelve—no, thirteen years," said the young person. "We're not superstitious at mentioning it, because this year has been one of the busiest and luckiest we've ever had."

I could well believe it. Anybody who was so keen in her ideas as Mrs. Adair! Anybody, in short, who agreed with me so perfectly on the necessity for proper chins in life must be basically right in everything else pertaining to beauty treatment. How could thirteen affect her?

"MIGHTY 'LAK A ROSE"

An extraordinary neat contrivance has just come to my notice—a tiny ivory-finished receptacle, not quite three inches high and about as wide as a fat lead pencil containing a nail-powder.

One twists the cap, taps an infinitesmal amount of what looks and smells like crushed rose leaves into the palm of one's hand, and on rubbing the nails over it a brilliant polish, untarnishable by water, is obtained in the flash of an eye. For travelling, for tucking into one's purse, for adding to the daintiness of a toilet table, this invention in miniature combines what seems to me a maximum of efficiency with a minimum of space-saving.

And why aren't rose-colored nails as important details for the harmony of a scheme as, say, pink pearls in the ear?

Europe prizes hands as marks of "birth an' breedin'," and likes to lord it over us for not, as she thinks, possessing them, though she can't deny that we have the most perfect feet of any nation.

Uncared-for nails can nullify even the most beautiful of hands, and soignés nails can create the illusion of being the possessor of them. We already have the feet. Let's have the hands, too!

ANNE ARCHBALD.

Clothes Seen on the Stage

(*Continued from page 268*)

The exquisite detail of the frock from Mme. Francis was most interesting to see.

MODEL GOWNS AND A BROADWAY SHOP

And speaking of models I am delighted to give you a tip about a place at the corner of 46th Street, called the Little Broadway Sample Shop, where real Paris models—the labels of the big French dressmaking houses, which it is a prison offence in France to imitate, testifying to their authenticity—can be obtained at prices just about half of what one would pay for the same thing on Fifth Avenue, or the Rue de la Paix. I don't pretend to understand the financial subtleties that make this possible to the Little (Little but Big, as O. Henry might have said) Broadway Shop, but as long as the gowns are there and the prices, as Miss Nash said: "Why worry?"

Is the shop something new, you ask? No, it's been there quite a time and has always its crowd of regular patrons. But, human nature, being what it is, you can see that these are not the ones most eager to advertise it. When you can get a gown or a suit or a wrap that looks *direct* from the ateliers of Paris and gains one all the prestige at incredibly less than half the expenditure why let Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown know that its journey from Paris was a longer way round and a shorter price home.

Miss Brady said that the black hat worn with this frock came from Bendel.

I have had two models from the shop sketched for you to see: one, a suit whose lines and blue gabardine material are quite similar to those of Miss Nash's, having, however, as added items, stitching, a satin band at the bottom of the skirt and a collar of soft white linen edged with black satin; and the other a little dancing frock of blue taffeta, with inch wide stripes of white satin, a silver lace and tulle bodice, and a bunch of French flowers touching it off at just the proper angle in the back.

The remaining sketch is from the Gimbel Spring Promenade and was one of the most charming gowns shown. It was of pale blue taffeta, with the quaint shawl-like drapery on the bodice of one pale yellow lace flounce over a black lace flounce, the same arrangement holding good for the front panel of the skirt, only here falling over white satin. On a smart little black and white mannequine it was all that there is of the best in clothes.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

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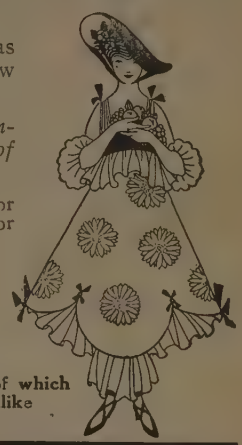
To the Woman Who Personally Shops in New York



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Some exquisite blouses, French models—no two alike, $5 to $12, with values of $9 to $22. Call and see these frocks for yourself—even try them on. You are not urged to buy. No Catalogs. No Approval Shipments—because the gowns sell too rapidly.

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Much Ado About The June Bride

What is so rare as a day in June?

—and what is more plentiful during that same delightful month than the June Wedding?

Indeed, judging by the amount of invitations, announcements, etc., cropping up daily, it almost seems as if the wedding chimes were going to ring incessantly during the early summer.

Needless to say, that for the Bride especially, her more thoughtful friends will give a great deal of time and attention to the selection of gifts that will not only please the receiver, but will carry with it a suggestion of the personality of the donor.

The Bride is, however, not the only one concerned in the wedding, so it is not wise to make your wedding gift a personal one to the Bride, but one which can be used in her home, where any pleasure derived from it may be shared.

During the first year of one's wedded life, her home means possibly a little more to a woman than at any other time, so if you would have your gift doubly appreciated, choose one that can be used during that period.

The June Bride often entertains her many guests in the garden, so here is something new in a willow tray, fitted with an after-dinner coffee service for four. The tray is cunningly designed to hold two glass service dishes for either mints or small cakes. Of Colport China, in a deep rich purple, the quaint cups and funny coffee pot are in excellent contrast to the white enameled willow stand. The silver spoons have appropriate wooden "coffee-bean" handles.

An individual breakfast service is so distinctly "individual" that I am quite sure it would be a source of constant delight to its happy possessor. The stand is of white enameled willow, fretted at the top to form a tray, lined with pink and white cretonne under glass. The daintiest eggshell china, pink and white, with flecks of blue and lavender and green, has its own place. So has an etched water glass, and the thoughtful designer has even provided a pocket for the morning paper, and another for the necessary table silver.

Sterling silver has an intrinsic as well as sentimental value, for the silver wedding gift of to-day becomes the heirloom for a future generation. A Gorham compot for cake or fruit in an open-work pattern has three useful as well as ornamental handles, and a flower vase, also made by Gorham, is unusual both in outline and design. It is fitted with a silver mesh top so that individual flowers may be artistically arranged.

June and Brides and flowers all go together, so get the June Bride a flower holder and it will always be dear to her heart. Mrs Parsons has designed one which she calls the "Dancing Faunes." The figures are made of bronze and they rest in a huge Chinese bowl which holds the water for the flowers.

A pretty custom which originated, I think, in Italy, many years ago, is for the first bride in the family to put away her wedding fineries for the next bride. Sometimes it is her sister, many times it is her daughter; but if each future bride adds a trifle to the collection it accrues a sentimental value which all the money in the world cannot purchase.

Of course, such things must be kept in a special place, and a fitting tribute to the contents for which it was not only designed, but hand-made by a Florentine gentleman, is a delicately beautiful leather box, made of brown calf and resplendent with decorations of gold worked on leather.

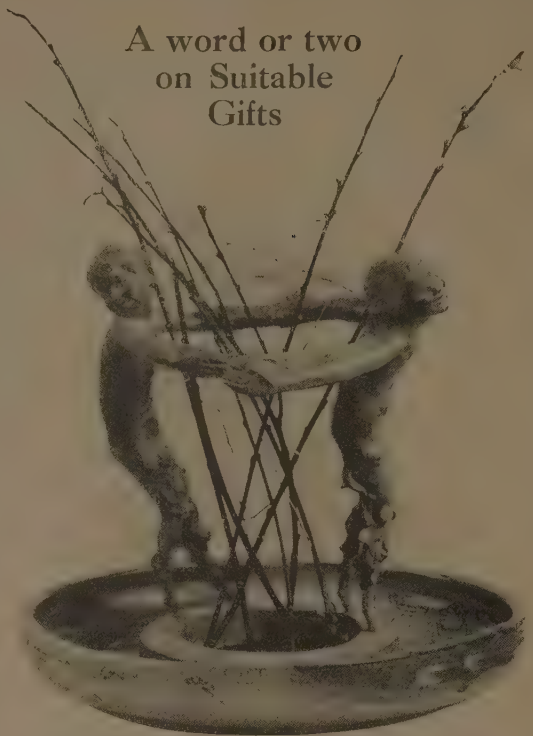
It was seen in the Florentine Art Shop, one of the many little interesting shops on Madison Avenue, just above the Ritz Carlton, where many rare and artistic leather trifles can be found. This place is really a branch of a very well-known establishment in Florence, owned by a family who have worked on leather for generations and have been decorated for the merit of their work by the King.

One of the most noticeable things about the trifles in this shop is the exquisite sheen on every object. It is not a mere outside gloss, but the very leather seems to glow and gleam like some living thing. And this, I learned, is the whole secret of the success of the little shop. Many workmen can tool out the intricate gold patterns, but the method of polishing the leather—that is the well-guarded secret of the House of the Florentine Gentleman, carefully handed down from father to son.

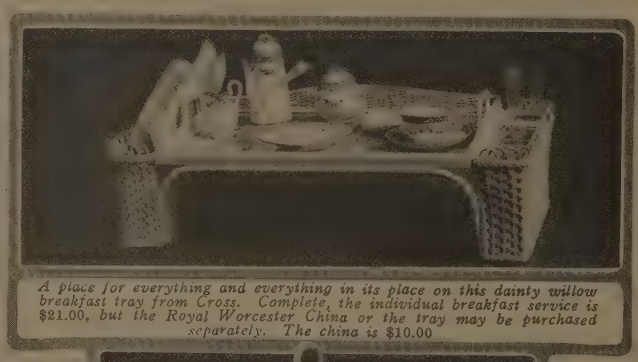
There is a wide assortment of desk accessories, many of them of similar patterns and designs to enable one to form either an elaborate desk set or a more simple one to which additional pieces may be added from time to time.

The set I am showing on this page consists of a large desk blotter, calender, glass-lined sponge stamp box, ink stand and letter box. A pen tray and small box for miscellaneous trifles as well as glass containers for red and black ink are the carefully thought out details of the ink stand—but the star of the entire collection is the quaint and curious letter box, whose lock and key were designed by one of the master hands at such work in Florence, Italy, and cast in brass for his own leather boxes.

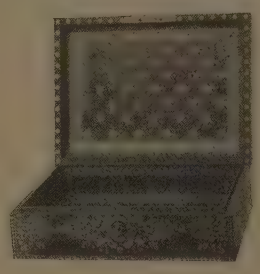
A word or two on Suitable Gifts



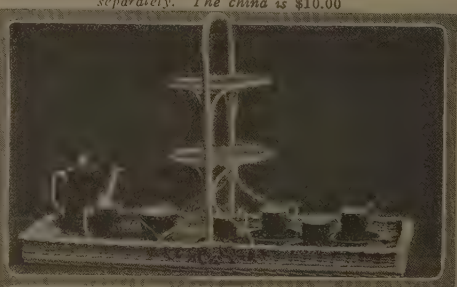
The "Dancing Faunes" is the name of this bronze flower holder by Mrs. Parsons. It was made by Gorham and sells for $175.00



A place for everything and everything in its place on this dainty willow breakfast tray from Cross. Complete, the individual breakfast service is $21.00, *but the Royal Worcester China or the tray may be purchased separately. The china is* $10.00

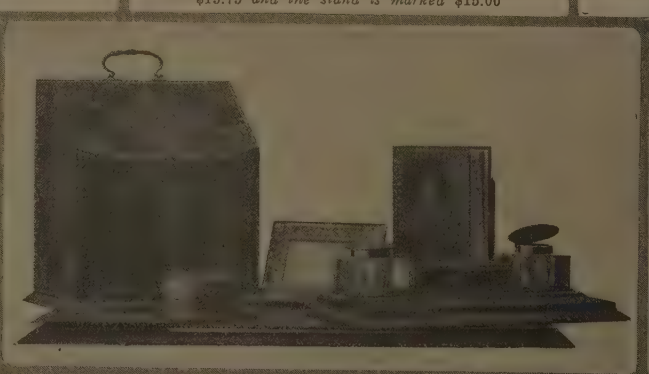


A Bridal Box in seventeenth century design is marked $50.00 *at the Florentine Art Shop.*



As charming and dainty as the Bride herself is this fastidious after-dinner coffee service from Cross, with its new old-fashioned china and its old new-fashioned tray. The china is priced at $15.75 *and the stand is marked* $15.00

There is a place for a monogram on either side of this flower vase which is priced at $48.00 *at Gorham's.*



Hand tooled in gold in the Renaissance pattern, this leather desk set is $151.00 *complete, but the different pieces can be had at various prices at the Florentine Art Shop.*

For cake or fruit—A Gorham compot for $40.00

'Round Your Neck and About Your Waist

THE "Law of Average" must be upheld. What Fashion has taken off the bottom of the modish frock she has added to the top, so now we go about collared not only to our ears, but to our eyes! And, since our collars cannot possibly be worn higher, let us hope that we will not be asked to wear our skirts shorter.

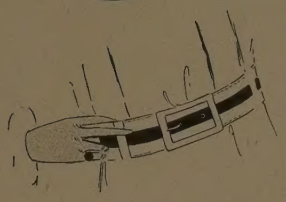
Among the newest of the new frills, the tendency is heavenward, many neck-fixings quite reaching the hat in their ambitious flight. But a soft ruffley neckpiece is a very feminine thing and is not only attractive on a young girl, but will take years from the face of the older woman.

Buttoned snugly, right up under the chin, many of the tailored neckpieces are reminiscent of great-grandfather's cravat, and like a page turned back in the Fashion Book of Time, the soft frilly jabots are exactly like the ones your very own grandmother wore, and have a new, old-fashioned charm.

Since to be belted is to be fashionable, an astonishing number of new ones are being shown. The waist line—wherever it may be at the time—must be sharply defined, consequently belts this season carry with them more than the usual quota of smartness.

They may be fashioned from the same material as the gown or suit with which they are worn or sometimes leather or silk are used for contrast.

The leather belts are particularly good on cloth or linen costumes while the soft ribbon sashes are especially lovely on frilly ruffley summer frocks.



The fashionable black and white note is emphasized even in smart neckwear. A becoming bit of white to the face varies the plainness of this tailored black satin and white piqué collar from Lord & Taylor's—$1.95.

Of green and white calf. A truly smart little affair. Mark Cross has a few of them at $1.00, and when the present supply is exhausted will copy it for you in any color for $6.00.

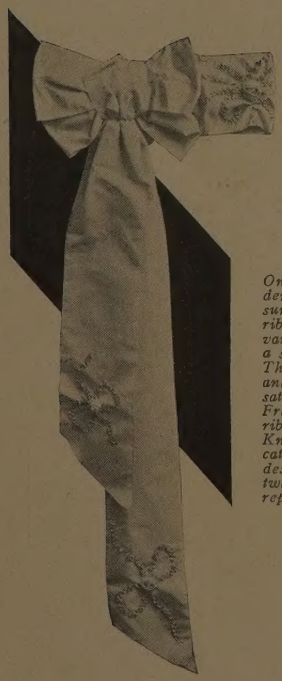
Of Mecklin lace and washable net, daintily hand-embroidered. High in the back for fashion—open in front for comfort, this unusual vestee can be found at Bonwit Teller, priced at $2.95.

A frilly jabot effect that is as feminine and dainty as it is fashionable and new and whose price is $3.95 at Lord & Taylor's. From the many models seen in this store, it would seem that the jabot is coming into its own again this spring.

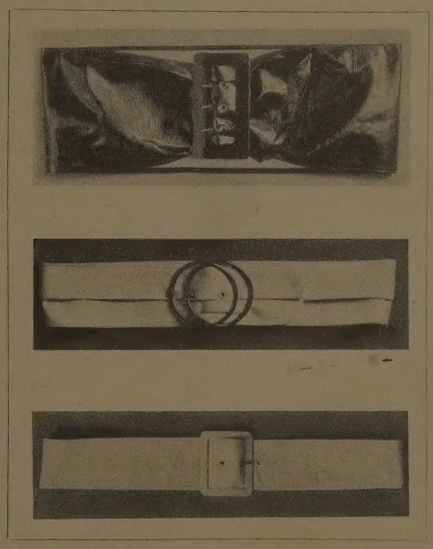
All winter we have been baring our throats to the icy blast, but now that the warm spring days are in sight, Fashion's latest orders are, "Cover your neck up to your chin and perhaps a bit higher, if you would be smart." This black and white satin model from Bonwit Teller is not only unusually high, but at $1.00 is an unusual bargain.

Although the collar is high, the price is low. Lord & Taylor are selling this quaint frou-frou with the latest crushed collar and sporting a delightful jabot effect—a truly beautiful combination developed in net for only $4.95.

What is more smart or practical than the ever-lovely white net? This particular model shown by Bonwit Teller is hand-embroidered in a conventional design. It follows the line of the neck in the back, but is low in front.

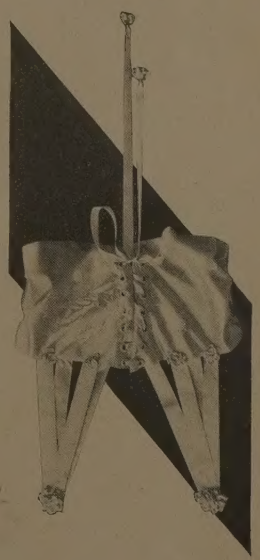


One of the most undeniable needs for summer wear is a ribbon accessory to vary the plainness of a simple cotton frock. This McCreery girdle and sash of shell pink satin is trimmed with French blue shirred ribbon in a Lover's Knot design and delicate pink roses. The design is used on the two sash ends and repeated on the front of the girdle.



These belts are from Mark Cross' splendid shop. The first is a wide black crushed affair, priced at $6.75—the second, one of the famous Cross Leather strips at $2.00, can be worn with any buckle, and the third, of white calf with a white calf buckle, for $3.50.

Very nearly related to the bodice of a Dresden China Shepherdess is this dainty affair of delicate pink brocaded satin from McCreery & Co. The four-ribbon shoulder straps are caught together with tiniest roses, fascinating little clusters of which also adorn the ribbon lacings. This bodice, worn with a short, wide skirt, has something of the effect of Mrs. Castle's latest dance frock.



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A Country-Wide Shakespearean Festival

That the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's death may be recognized with suitable ceremonies in 1916, plans for a nation-wide festival on a scale and of a kind never before approached in this country are being formulated. If they are carried through, as now seems probable, the Shakespearean revival in the United States during the spring and summer of next year should be on a par with that in England.

Prime movers in awakening interest in the proposed Festival and enlisting the support of organizations with the executive ability to arrange and carry out the details, are Percival Chubb, who was chairman of the

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

stage management committee for the St. Louis Pageant, and Dr. Richard Burton, President of the Drama League of America. Co-operating with these men are the heads of Drama League Centres in various cities, a number of college professors, among them George P. Baker, of Harvard, players such as Otis Skinner, Margaret Anglin, E. H. Sothern, and Julia Marlowe and the officers of civic bodies not connected with the stage. The intention is to make the Festival in all respects democratic and not the work of the Drama League, or any other one organization.

In outlining the broad scope of the undertaking, Mr. Chubb traced its inspiration to a magazine article by Ben Greet telling of the work being done in England. It soon became apparent, however, that the method being followed abroad was not feasible in this country, and in appointing a special committee, the Drama League relied on the members chosen to find a practicable way of developing the Festival.

How sucessful the preliminary work has been remains to be seen, but Mr. Chubb, after the enthusiasm accorded him in New York saw no reason for pessimism. In substance, the plan is this: Through officers of the Drama League, or other interested persons, local Festival committees are to be formed in cities and towns throughout the country, and these committees are to arrange their own fêtes according to the facilities at hand. Colleges, settlements, dramatic and educational organizations of all kinds will be invited to co-operate, and wherever possible they will be given outside professional assistance. The larger cities, at least, will be visited by trained actors ready to give Shakespearean plays in part or in full in conjunction with the companies of local players. The work of the local committees, then, will be to secure, equip and train assemblages of people able to assist in Elizabethan pageants and to provide adequate settings.

Probably the first and most elaborate fête will be given at Forest Park, St. Louis, this month, with the Pageant Drama Association, a permanent organization, as its nucleus. Even at this early date the appearance of several well-known players in Shakespearean plays in St. Louis, and later in other league cities, is practically assured.

"Trilby's" First Night

(*Continued from page 242*)

'I didn't believe them until I saw your performance. I thought Mr. Jefferson was merely venting national pride, ardent Americanism, don't you know?' I told him I didn't know. I said: 'We don't do those things here. We don't need to.'

"My sensations, so far as my own success went, were of gratification that one truth I espoused, had been demonstrated. Mr. Palmer did not want me to play Svengali. He suggested hunting up some character actor for it. Paul Potter had insisted: 'I want a leading man to play the part because he will know how to dominate the scenes.' The dramatizer insisted what is true, that the character actor as then known was an actor of bits, one who stood about and waited for someone to open the door for him. I have always maintained that an actor who knows how to act is a character actor. Every part is a character. The reception to Svengali proved this.

"The play is being produced now essentially as it was then. There have been no important changes in it throughout its twenty years of life, and its repeated revivals. But the character of the audiences has somewhat changed. Audiences are less exuberant than they used to be. They are colder. Not only toward 'Trilby' but toward all plays. The repression method that has captured the stage has extended to the people in front. It is to be regretted for an actor can only know when his work pleases by the amount of applause it receives.

"This is the second revival of 'Trilby.' I should not be surprised if it had many more. The reason for its long and vigorous life is that it strips away the non-essentials and gets down to the bone of a story of a girl who was loved. There are no fashions in love. The fact that a man loves a girl and the question of whether he will get her will interest humanity as long as the last human being survives."

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